

ARABIAN NIGHTS
Entertainments :

Consisting of

One Thousand and One
STORIES
TOLD BY

The Sultaneſs of the *Indies*, to divert the Sultan from the Execution of a bloody Vow he had made to marry a Lady every Day, and have her cut off next Morning, to avenge himſelf for the Diſloyalty of his firſt Sultaneſs, &c.

Containing

A better Account of the Cuſtoms, Manners and Religion of the *Eastern Nations*, viz. *Tartars, Perſians* and *Indians*, than is to be met with in any Author hitherto publiſh'd.

Translated into *French* from the *Arabian MSS.*

By M. GALLAN D,
Of the Royal Academy ; and now done into *English*, from the Third Edition in *French*, Corrected and Amended.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

V O L. VI.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LONGMAN, at the Ship and Black-Swan in Pater-noster-row. 1725.

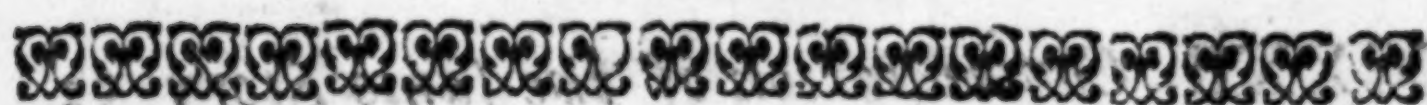
Approbation.

I Have read this Sixth Volume by
Order of my Lord Chancellor.

P A R I S,
14 April, 1706.

F O N T E N E L L E.





T H E

Contents of Vol. VI.

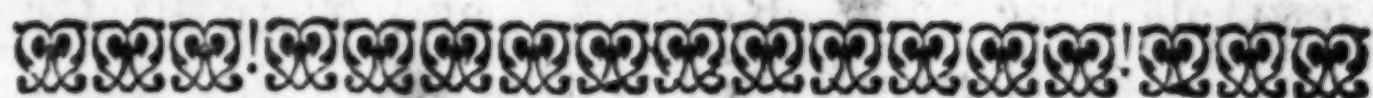
Night CCV. <i>The Continuation of the Story of the Amour of Aboulhassan Ali Ebn Becar and Schemselnihar, Favourite Mistress to the Califf Haroun Arafchid</i>	1
CCVI. <i>Sequel of the same</i>	2
CCVII. <i>The like</i>	10
CCVIII. <i>The like</i>	15
CCIX. <i>The like</i>	20
CCX. <i>Conclusion of the same Story</i>	25
CCXI. <i>The Story of the Amours of Camaralzaman, Prince of the Islands of the Children of Khaledan, and of Badoura, Princess of China.</i>	32
CCXII. <i>The same Story continued</i>	37
CCXIII. <i>The same</i>	39
CCXIV. <i>The same</i>	46
CCXV. <i>Sequel of Camaralzaman's Story</i>	51
CCXVI. <i>The same</i>	57
CCXVII. <i>The same</i>	63
<i>Sequel of the Princess of China's Story</i>	67
CCXVIII. <i>The same</i>	70
<i>The Story of Marzavan, with the Sequel of that of Camaralzaman</i>	75
CCXIX. <i>The same</i>	76
CCXX. <i>The same</i>	82
CCXXI. <i>The same</i>	87
<i>Camaralzaman's Letter to the Princess of China</i>	92
CCXXII.	

The Contents of Vol. VI.

CCXXII.	<i>Continuation of the same Story</i>	93
CCXXIII.	<i>The same</i>	98
	<i>The Story of Prince Camaralzaman's Separation from the Princess Badoura</i>	99
	<i>The Story of Princess Badoura after their Separation</i>	103
CCXXIV.	<i>The same</i>	106
CCXXV.	<i>The Story of Prince Camaralzaman, after his Separation from the Princess Badoura</i>	213
CCXXVI.	<i>The same</i>	120
CCXXVII.	<i>The same</i>	126
CCXXVIII.	<i>Sequel of the same</i>	133
	<i>The Story of the Princes Amgrad and Affad</i>	135
CCXXIX.	<i>The same</i>	139
CCXXX.	<i>The same</i>	145
	<i>Prince Affad stopp'd upon entering the City of the Magi</i>	150
CCXXXI.	<i>Sequel of the same</i>	153
	<i>The Story of Prince Amgrad and a Lady of the City of the Magi</i>	155
CCXXXII.	<i>The same</i>	160
CCXXXIII.	<i>The same</i>	165
	<i>Continuation of the Story of Prince Affad</i>	169
CCXXXIV.	<i>The same</i>	171
CCXXXV.	<i>The same</i>	177
CCXXXVI.	<i>Conclusion of the Story of the Princes Amgrad and Affad.</i>	182

E. The End of the Table to Vol. VI.





ARABIAN NIGHTS

Entertainments.

 VOL. VI.

CCV Night.

A Continuation of the Story of the Amours of Prince Aboulhassan Ali Ebn Becar, and Schemselnihar, Favourite-Mistress to the Califf Haroun Alraschid.

SIR, said she, upon the Jeweller's Enquiry of the Thieves, if they knew any thing of the young Man and the young Lady; they answered, be not concerned for them, they are safe enough, and in good Health; which saying, they shew'd him two Closets, where they assur'd him, they were separately shut up. They added, we are inform'd you know only what relates to them, which

B

we

we no sooner came to understand, but we shew'd them all imaginable Respect, and were so far from doing them any Injury, that we treated them with all the Kindness we were capable of on your Account. You may secure your self of the like Favour, proceeded they, in regard to your own Person, and put all Manner of Confidence in us without the least Reserve.

The Jeweller being hearten'd at this, and overjoy'd to hear that the Prince of *Persia*, and *Schemselnihar* were safe, resolv'd to engage the Thieves yet farther in their Interest. For this Purpose he commended them, flatter'd them, and gave them a thousand Benedictions. *Gentlemen*, said he, I must confess I have not the Honour to know you, yet 'tis no small Happiness to me that I am not wholly unknown to you; and I can never be sufficiently grateful for the Favours which that Knowledge has procur'd me at your Hands; Without mentioning so great an Act of Humanity as that I lately received from you, I must needs say, I'm fully perswaded no Persons in the World can be so proper to trust a Secret with, and none so fit to undertake a great Enterprize, which you can best bring to a good Issue by your Zeal, Courage, and Intrepidity. In confidence of these great and good Qualities, which are so much your Due, I will not stick to relate to you my whole History, with that of those two Persons you found in my House.

After the Jeweller had thus secured, as he thought, the Thieves Secrecy, he made no Scruple to relate to them the whole Amour of the Prince of *Persia* and *Schemselnihar*, from the Beginning of it to the Time he received them into his House.



The

The Thieves were greatly astonished at the surprizing Particulars they heard, and could not forbear crying out, How! Is it possible that that young Man should be the Illustrious *Ali Ebn Becar*, Prince of *Persia*, and the young Lady the Fair and celebrated Beauty *Schemselnihar*! The Jeweller assur'd them nothing was more certain, and that they needed not to think it strange, that Persons of so distinguish'd a Character should not care for being known.

Upon this Assurance of their Quality, the Thieves went immediately, one after another, and threw themselves at their Feet, imploring their Pardon, and begging them to believe, they would never have offered any Violence to their Persons, had they but known who they were; and that seeing they did not, they would by their future Conduct do their best Endeavours to make some Recompence, at least, for the Crime they had thus ignorantly committed. This said, and having made profound Reverences, they turned to the Jeweller, and told him, they were heartily sorry they could not restore to him all that had been taken from him, some Part being out of their Possession: But as for what remained, if he would content himself with his Plate, it should be forthwith put into his Hands.

The Jeweller was over-joy'd at the Favour was done him, and after the Thieves had deliver'd the Plate, they required of the Prince, *Schemselnihar*, and him, to promise them upon Oath, that they would not betray them, and they would carry them to a Place, whence they might easily go to their respective Homes. The Prince, *Schemselnihar*, and the Jeweller reply'd, they might safely rely on their Words.

but since they desired an Oath of them, they solemnly swore not to discover them so long as they were with them. With this the Thieves being satisfied, immediately set out upon performing their Promise,

By the Way, the Jeweller being concerned that he could not see the Confident, and the two Slaves, came up to *Schemselnikar*, and begg'd her to inform him what was become of them. She answer'd, she knew nothing of them, and that all she could tell him was, that she was carry'd away from his House, ferry'd over a River, and brought to the Place from whence they were just now come.

Schemselnikar and the Jeweller had no further Discourse; they found themselves at the brink of a River, when the Thieves immediately took Boat and carried them to the other side.

Whilst the Prince, *Schemselnikar*, and Jeweller, were landing, they heard a Noise, as of Horse Guards, that were coming towards them. The Thieves no sooner perceiv'd the Danger, but they took to their Oars, and were over on the other Side of the River in an Instant.

The Commander of the Brigade demanded of the Prince, *Schemselnikar*, and Jeweller, who they were, and whence they came so late? This frightened them so at first that they could not speak; but at length the Jeweller found a Tongue, and said, Sir, I can assure you, we are very honest People, and that those Rogues who have just landed us, and are got to the other Side of the Water, are Thieves, who having last Night broke open the House that we were in, pillag'd it, and afterwards carry'd us to an obscure Inn, where, by some Intreaty and good Manage-

Management, we prevailed on them to let us have our Liberty; to which End they brought us hither. They have restor'd us Part of the booty they had taken from us - - - - At which Words he shew'd the Plate he had recover'd.

The Commander not being satisfy'd with what the Jeweller had told him, came up to him and the Prince of *Persia*, and looking stedfastly at them, said, Tell me truly, who is this Lady? How came you to know her, and whereabouts do you live?

This Demand surpriz'd them strangely, and ty'd their Tongues, insomuch that neither of them could answer; till, at length, *Schemselnihar* taking the Commander aside, told him frankly who she was; which he no sooner came to know, but he alighted, paid both her and the Company great Respect, and caused two Boats to be got ready for their Service.

When the Boats were come, he put *Schemselnihar* into one, and the Prince of *Persia* and Jeweller into the other, with two of his People in each Boat: They had Orders to accompany them whithersoever they were bound. Being aboard, the two Boats took different Routs, but we shall at present speak only of that wherein was the Prince and Jeweller.

The Prince, to save his Guides Trouble, bad them land the Jeweller with him, and nam'd the Place whither he would go. The Guides mistaking his Orders, stopp'd just before the Califf's Palace, which put both him and the Jeweller into a mortal Fright, tho' he durst discover nothing of the Matter; for, although they had heard the Commander's Orders to his Men, they could not help imagining they were to

be deliver'd up to the Guard, to be brought before the Califf next Morning.

This nevertheless was not the Intention of the Guides, for after they had landed them, they, by their Master's Command, recommended them to an Officer of the Guard, who next Morning assigned them Soldiers to conduct them by Land to the Prince's *Chateau*, which was at some Distance from the River.

The Prince being come Home, what with the Fatigue of his Journey, and the Affliction he conceived at being never likely to see *Schemselnikar* more, fell in a Swoon on his Sopha, whom while the greatest Part of his Servants were endeavouring to recover, the other Part gathered about the Jeweller, and begg'd of him to tell them what had happened to the Prince, their Lord, whose Absence had occasion'd them such inexpressible Disquiet.

Here *Scheberazade* stopp'd, because the Day began to appear, but next Night resum'd her Discourse to the Sultan in the following Manner.

CCVI.

SIR, I told your Majesty last Night, that whilst the greatest Part of the Prince's Domesticks were endeavouring to recover him from his Swoon, others of them were got about the Jeweller, desiring to know what had happened to their Lord. The Jeweller, who was sure to discover nothing to them that was not convenient for them to know, told them, that was not a Time for such a Relation, and that they would do better to go and assist

assist their Prince, than require any such Thing of him, at that Juncture especially. The Prince by good Fortune came to himself that very Moment, when those that but just before requir'd this History, with so much Earnestness, began now to get at a Distance, and pay that Respect was due from them.

Although the Prince had in some Measure recovered himself, yet he continued so weak, he could not open his Mouth. He answer'd only by Signs, and that even to his nearest Relations that spoke to him. He remain'd in the same Condition 'till next Morning, when the Jeweller came to take Leave of him. His Answer was only with a Wink, and holding forth his Right Hand; but when he saw he was laden with the Bundle of Plate the Thieves had taken from him, he made a Sign to his Servants, that they should take it, and carry it along with him to his House.

The Jeweller had been expected Home with great Impatience by his Family, the Day he went forth with a Man that came to ask for him, and whom he did not know; but now he was quite given over, and it was no longer doubted but some fatal Disaster had befallen him. His Wife, Children, and Servants were under continual Grief, and lamented him almost Night and Day: But at length, when they came to see him again, their Joy was so great they could hardly contain themselves; yet they were still troubled, to find that his Countenance was extremely altered from what it had been before, insomuch that he was hardly to be known. This was thought to have been occasion'd by his great Fatigue, and the Fears he had undergone, which would not let

him eep. Finding himself something out of Order, he continu'd within Doors for two Days, and would admit only of his intimate Friends to visit him.

The third Day perceiving himself somewhat better, he thought he might get Strength by going abroad; and therefore went to the Shop of a rich Friend of his, with whom he continued long in Discourse. As he was rising to go Home, he observ'd a Woman that made a Sign to him, and whom he presently knew to be the Confident of *Schemselnihar*. Partly out of Fear, and partly through Joy, he made what haste he could away, without looking at her; but she followed him, as he very well knew she would, the Place they saw each other in being by no Means proper for their Interview. As he walk'd a little faster than ordinary, she not being able to over-take him, every now and then called out to him to stay. He heard her, 'tis true, but after what had happened, he did not think fit to take Notice of her in Publick, for fear of giving Cause to believe that he had been with *Schemselnihar*. In short, 'twas known to every body in *Bagdad*, that this Woman belong'd to her, and therefore he thought it but Prudence to conceal his having any Knowledge of her. He continued the same Pace, and at length came to a *Mosque*, where he knew but few People came: There he entered, and she after him, whereby they had a long Converse together, without any body's over hearing them.

Both the Jeweller and Confident expressed a great deal of Joy for seeing each other, after the strange Adventure occasioned by the Thieves, and their reciprocal Concern for each other's

other's Welfare, without mentioning a Word of what related to their own particular Persons.

The Jeweller would needs have her relate to him, how she escap'd with the two Slaves, and what she knew of *Schemselnihar* from the Time he had left her; but so great were her Importunities to know from him what had happen'd to him, from the Time of their unexpected Separation, that he found himself oblig'd to comply with her. Having finished what she had desir'd, he told her, he expected she would oblige him in her Turn, which she did in the following Manner.

When first I saw the Thieves, said she, I imagin'd, before I rightly consider'd that they were of the *Califf's* Guard, who being inform'd of the Escape of *Schemselnihar*, had sent them to take away the Lives of the Prince, and us all; but being convinced of the Error of that Thought, I immediately got up to the Leads of your House, at the same Time that the Thieves enter'd the Chamber where the Prince and *Schemselnihar* were, and was soon after follow'd by that Lady's two Slaves. From Leads to Leads, we came at last to a House of very honest People, who received us with a great deal of Civility, and with whom we lodged that Night.

Next Morning, after we had returned Thanks to the Master of the House for our good Usage. we return'd to *Schemselnihar's* Hotel, where we enter'd in great Disorder, and the rather, because we could not learn the Fate of the two unfortunate Lovers. The other Women of *Schemselnihar* were astonish'd to see me return without their Lady. We told them we had

left her at a Lady's House, one of her Friends, and that she would send for us when she had a Mind to come Home; with which Excuse they seem'd well satisfy'd.

For my Part, I spent the Day in great uneasiness, and when Night came, opening a little Back-gate, I spy'd a Boat driven along by the Stream. Calling to the Waterman, I desir'd him to row up the River, and see if he could not meet a Lady, and if he found her, to bring her along with him. The two Slaves and I waited impatiently for his Return, and at length about Midnight we saw the Boat coming down with two Men in it, and a Woman lying along in the Stern. When the Boat was come up, the two Men help'd the Woman to rise, and then it was I knew her for *Schemselnihar*. I rejoyc'd so greatly to see her, that my Joy cannot be express'd.

Here *Scheherazade* ended her Discourse for this Night, intending to take it up again the Night following, when she told the Sultan,

CCVII Night.

SIR, we yesternight left *Schemselnihar*'s Confident in the *Mosque*, telling her Story to the Jeweller from the Time they had been parted, and with all the Circumstances of *Schemselnihar*'s Return to her Hotel: She proceeded thus;

I gave, said she, my Hand to *Schemselnihar* to help her out of the Boat; she had no small Occasion for my Assistance, for she could hardly stand. When she was ashore, she whisper'd me in the Ear, in an afflicted Tone, and bad me

me go and take a Purse of 1000 Pieces of Gold, and give it to the Soldiers that had waited on her. I did as I was commanded, leaving her to be supported by the two Slaves; and having paid the Waterman, shut the Back-door.

I then follow'd my Lady, who was hardly got up to her Chamber, before I overtook her. We undress'd her, and put her to Bed, where she had not long been, before she was ready to give up the Ghost; in which Condition she continued the Remainder of the Night. The Day following, her other Women express'd a great Desire to see her; but I told them she had been greatly fatigu'd, and wanted Rest to restore her to her Strength. We nevertheless, (the two other Women and I) gave her all the Assistance we possibly could, and she could reasonably expect. She persisted in taking nothing down, which we offer'd her; and we must have despair'd of her Life, if I had not at last perswad-ed her to drink a Spoonful or two of Wine, which had a sensible Effect on her. By meer Importunity, we at length prevail'd on her to eat also.

When she came to the Use of her Speech, for she had hitherto only mourn'd, groan'd, and sigh'd, I begg'd of her to tell me how she had escap'd out of the Hands of the Thieves. Why should you require of me, said she, with a profound Sigh, what will but renew my Grief? Would to God the Thieves had taken away my Life, rather than preserv'd it, since thereby my Misfortunes would have had an End; whereas I now do but live to encrease my Torments.

Madam, reply'd I, I beg you would not refuse me this Favour. You cannot but know,
that

that unhappy People have a certain, I know not what, Consolation in venting their Misfortunes; and if you would but be pleased to relate yours, I doubt not but you'd find some Relief in it.

Why then, said she, lend your Ear to a Story, the most afflicting that can be imagin'd. You must know, when I first saw the Thieves, entering with Sword in Hand, I believed that the last Moment of my Life; but dying did not then seem so shocking to me, since I thought I was to die with the Prince of *Persia*. However, instead of murdering, two of the Thieves were order'd to take care of us, whilst their Companions were busied in packing up the Goods they found in the House. When they had done, and got their Bundles upon their Backs, they went away, and carried us along with them.

As we went, one of those that had the Charge of us, demanded of me briskly who I was? I answer'd I was a Dancer. He put the same Question to the Prince, who reply'd he was a Shop-keeper.

When they were come to the Place whither they were going, I had new Fears came upon me; for they gather'd about us, and after having consider'd well my Habit, and the rich Jewels I was adorn'd with, they seem'd to doubt I had Idisguis'd my Quality. Dancers, quoth they, do not use to be drest as you are. Pray tell us truly who you are?

When they saw I answer'd nothing, they ask'd the Prince once more who he was, for they told him, they plainly perceiv'd he was not the Person he pretended to be. He did not satisfy them much more than I had done; he only
told

told them he came to see the Jeweller, who was the Owner of that House where they found him.

I know this Jeweller, said one of the Rogues, who seem'd to have some Authority over the rest, I have some Obligations to him which yet he knows nothing of, and I take upon me to bring him hither to morrow Morning, from another House he has, but you must not expect, continu'd he, to stir 'till he comes and tells us who you are, though in the mean Time I promise you there shall be no manner of Injury offer'd to you.

The Jeweller was brought next Morning as he said, who thinking to oblige us, as he really did, declar'd to the Rogues the whole Truth of the Matter. The Thieves no sooner knew who we were, but they came and ask'd my Pardon, and I believe did the like to the Prince, who was shut up in another Room. They protested to me, they would not have broke open the Jeweller's House, had they but known whose it was. They soon after took us, (the Prince, the Jeweller, and my self) and carry'd us to the River's Side, where having put us aboard the Boat, they row'd us cross the Water; but we were no sooner landed, than a Party of the Horseguard came up to us.

The Rogues fled; I took the Commander aside, and told him my Name, telling him withal, that the Night before, I had been seiz'd by Robbers, who forc'd me along with them; but having been told who I was, releas'd me, and the two Persons he saw with me, on my Account. He alighted and paid his Respects to me; and after having express'd a great deal of Joy for being able to oblige me,
he

he caused two Boats to be brought, putting me and two of his Soldiers, whom you have seen, into one, and the Prince and Jeweller, with two others, into the other. My Guides have conducted me hither, but what is become of the Prince and his Friend I cannot tell.

I trust in Heaven, added she, with a Shower of Tears, no harm has happen'd to them since our Separation; and I do not doubt, but the Prince's Concern for me, is equal to mine for him. The Jeweller, to whom we have been so much oblig'd, ought to be recompenc'd for the Loss he has sustain'd on our Account. Do not you therefore fail, quoth she, (speaking to the Confident) to take two Purfes of 1000 Pieces of Gold in each, and carry them to him to morrow Morning in my Name, and at the same Time, be sure to enquire after the Prince's Welfare.

When my good Mistress had done speaking, I endeavour'd, as to the last Article of enquiring into the Prince's Welfare, to calm her Mind, which was in some Disorder, and to perswade her not to yield so much to Love, since the Danger she had but lately escap'd, would be soon brought on again by such an Indulgence. She bad me hold my Tongue, and do what she had commanded me.

I was obliged to be silent, and am come hither to obey her Commands, without any farther Scruple. I have been at your House, and not finding you at Home, was about to have gone to wait on the Prince of *Persia*, but did not dare to attempt so great a Journey. I have left the two Purfes with a particular Friend of mine, and if you'll have but Patience, I'll go and fetch them immediately.

Scheherazade perceiving the Day begin to approach was fain to be silent here : She however continued the same Story the Night following ; and said to the *Sultan*,

CCVIII Night.

SIR, the Confident return'd quickly to the Jeweller in the *Mosque*, where she had left him. She gave him the two Purfes, and bad him accept them for her Lady's sake. They are much more than is necessary, said the Jeweller, and I can never be enough thankful for so great a Present from so good, and generous a Lady ; but I beseech you to acquaint her on my behalf, that I shall preserve an eternal Remembrance of her Bounties. He then agreed with the Confident, that she should find him at the first Place she had seen him at, whenever she had Occasion to impart any Commands from *Schemselnihar*, or know any Thing of the Prince of *Persia* : And so they parted.

The Jeweller return'd Home very well satisfied, not only that he had got wherewithal plentifully to make up his Losses, but also to think that no Person in *Bagdad* could possibly come to know of the Prince and *Schemselnihar's* being in his other House when it was robb'd. 'Tis true, he had acquainted the Thieves with it, but their Secrecy he thought he might very well depend on, especially in this Particular. They, he imagined, had not sufficient Converse in the World to give him any Disturbance. He therefore hugg'd himself in his good Fortune, pay'd his Debts, and furnish'd both his Houses to a Nicety. Thus he forgot all his
past

past Danger, and next Morning set out to wait on the Prince of *Persia*.

The Prince's Domesticks told the Jeweller at his Arrival, that he came in a very good Time, to make their Lord speak, for they had not been able to get a Word out of him, ever since he was there last. They introduc'd him softly into his Chamber, and he found him in such a Condition, as rais'd his Pity. He was lying upon his Bed, with his Eye-lids shut; but when the Jeweller saluted him, and exhorted him to take Courage, he faintly open'd his Eyes, and look'd upon him with such an Aspect, as sufficiently declar'd the Greatness of his Affliction. He nevertheless took and grasp'd him by the Hand, to testify his Friendship, and told him in a faint and weak Tone, that he was extreamly oblig'd to him, for coming so far to seek one that was so exceedingly unhappy and miserable.

My Lord, reply'd the Jeweller, mention not, I beseech you, any Obligations you have to me; I could wish with all my Soul, the good Offices I have endeavour'd to do you, had had a better Effect: But at present, let's Discourse only of your Health, which I fear you greatly injure, by an unreasonable abstaining from proper Nourishment.

The Prince's Servants hearing the Jeweller say this, took Occasion to let him know, it was with the greatest Difficulty they had prevail'd on him, to take in even the smallest Matter; and that for some Time he had taken nothing at all. This oblig'd the Jeweller to beg of the Prince to let his Servants bring him something to eat, which Favour he obtain'd with much Intercession.

After

After the Prince had eaten more largely than he had hitherto done, through the Perswasion of the Jeweller, he commanded his Servants to quit the Room, and leave him alone with his Friend. When the Room was clear, he said, in Conjunction with my Misfortune that distracts me, I have been exceedingly concern'd to think of what you have suffer'd on my Account; and as it but just I should make you what Recompence I can, so I shall be sure to take the first Occasion of doing it: However, at present, begging only your Pardon a thousand Times, I must conjure you to tell me whether you have learnt any thing of *Schemselnikar*, since I had the Misfortune to be parted from her.

Here the Jeweller, upon the Confident's Information, related to him all that he knew of *Schemselnikar's* Arrival at her Hotel, her State of Health from the Time he had left her; and how she had sent her Confident to him, to enquire after his Highness's Welfare.

To all this, the Prince reply'd only with Sighs and Tears: Then he made an Effort to get up, and being assisted by the Jeweller, made shift to rise. Being upon his Legs, he call'd his Servants, and made them open his Ward-robe, whither he went in Person; and having caus'd several Bundles of rich Goods and Plate to be pack'd up, he order'd them to be carry'd to the Jeweller's House.

The Jeweller would fain have withstood this kind Offer; but although he represented, that *Schemselnikar* had already made him more than sufficient Amends for what he had lost, the Prince would be obey'd. The Jeweller thought himself oblig'd to make all possible Acknowledgments

ledgments, and protested how much he was confounded at his Highness's Liberality. He would then have taken his Leave, but the Prince would not let him, and so they passed away in Discourse good part of the Night.

Next Morning the Jeweller waited on the Prince again, before he went away, but he would not let him stir: He must first sit down and hear what he had to say to him. You know, said he, there's an End proposed in all Things: Now the End the Lover proposes, is to enjoy the beloved Object in spite of all Opposition. If he loses that Hope, he must not think to live. You also know this is my hard Case, for when I had been twice at the very Point of fulfilling my Desires, I was all of a sudden torn from what I lov'd in the most cruel Manner imaginable: I had then no more to do, but to think of Death; and I had certainly proved my own Executioner, but that our holy Law forbids us to be Suicides: But there's no need of such violent Means; Death will soon do its own Work, in a sure, though gentle Method; I find myself in a manner gone, and that I have not long to wait the welcome Blow. Here he was silent, and vented the rest of his Passion only in Groans, Sighs, Sobs, and Tears, which came from him in great abundance.

The Jeweller, who knew no better way of turning him from his Despair, than by bringing *Schemselnibar* into his Mind, and giving him some Hopes of enjoying her, told him, he fear'd the Confident might be come from her Lady, and therefore thought not proper to stay any longer from Home. I'll let you go, said the Prince, but conjure you, that if you see her, you recommend to her, to assure *Schemselnibar*,

nihar, that if I die, as I expect to do every Minute, I will bless her with my last Breath, and love her to the last Moment.

The Jeweller return'd home in Expectation of seeing the Confident; and she came some few Hours after, but all in Tears, and in great Affliction. He asked her with great Earnestness, what was the Matter? She answered, that *Schemselnihar*, the Prince, herself, and he, were all ruined. He demanded how? Hear the sad News, said she, as it was told me just upon my entering our Hotel, after I had left you.

Schemselnihar had, it seems, for some Fault, chastised one of the Slaves you saw with her in your other House: The Slave enraged at the ill Treatment, ran presently away, and finding the Gate open, went forth; so that we have just Reason to believe, she has discovered all to an Eunuch of the Guard, who gave her Protection, as we have since heard.

But this is not all; the other Slave her Companion is fled too, and has taken Refuge in the Califf's Palace; so that we may well fear, she has acted her part in this Discovery, for just as I came away, the Califf had sent 20 of his Eunuchs for *Schemselnihar*, and they had carry'd her to the Palace. I just found Means to come and tell you this, yet I fear no Good will come of it; but above all, I recommend it to you as a Secret.

The Day, which began here to shew its Light, oblig'd *Scheherazade* to say no more, but she continued the same Story the Night following.

CCIX Night.

SIR, said she, the Confident added to what she had said before to the Jeweller, that it was convenient he should go and acquaint the Prince with the whole Affair, to the end he might be ready on all Occasions, and contribute what he was able to the Common Cause: Saying this, she ran away in great haste, without speaking a Word more, or staying for any Answer.

What Answer, however, could the Jeweller have made in the deplorable Condition he was in? He stood still as if he were Thunder-struck, and had not a Word to say. He was, nevertheless, sensible that the Affair requir'd Expedition, and therefore immediately went to give the Prince an Account of it: He address'd himself to him with an Air that sufficiently shew'd the bad News he brought him. Prince, said he, arm your self with Courage, and Patience, and prepare to receive the most terrible Assault that ever was yet made on your Nature.

Tell me in few Words, said the Prince, what it is I must prepare to receive; for if it be Death only, I am both ready and willing to undergo it.

Then the Jeweller told him all that he had learnt from the Confident. You see, continu'd he, your Destruction is inevitable if you delay. Up, rise, save your self by Flight, for the Time is precious. You of all Men must not expose your self to the Anger of the Califf, and should much less confess any thing in the midst of Torments.

At

At these Words the Prince was almost ready to expire through Grief, Affliction and Fear; however he recover'd himself, and demanded of the Jeweller what Resolution he would advise him to take in this unhappy Conjunction. The Jeweller told him he thought nothing more proper than that he should immediately take Horse, and haste away towards * *Anbar*, that he might get thither with all convenient Speed. Take what Servants and Horses you think necessary, continu'd he, and suffer me to escape with you.

The Prince seeing nothing more adviseable, immediately gave Orders for such an Equipage as would be least troublesome; so having put some Money and Jewels in his Pocket, and taken Leave of his Mother, he departed in Company of the Jeweller, and such Servants as he had chosen.

They travell'd all that Day, and the Day following without stopping, 'till at length about the Dusk of the Evening, both their Horses and selves being greatly fatigu'd, they alighted at an Inn to refresh themselves.

They had hardly sat down before they found themselves surrounded and assaulted by a huge Knot of Thieves. They defended their Lives for some time couragiously; but at length the Prince's Servants being all kill'd, both he and the Jeweller were obliged to yield at Discretion. The Thieves, however, spar'd their Lives, but after they had seized on the Horses and Baggage, they took away their Cloaths and left them naked.

Being

* *Anbar is a City on the Tigris, 20 Leagues below Bagdad.*

Being in this Condition, and the Thieves gone from them, the Prince said to the Jeweller, What is to be done, my Friend, in this Conjunction? Had I not better, think you, have tarry'd in *Bagdad*, and undergone any Fate, rather than been reduc'd to this Extremity? My Lord, reply'd the Jeweller, it is the Decree of Heaven that we should thus suffer. It has pleas'd God to add Affliction to Affliction, and we must not murmur at it, but receive his Chastisements with Submission. Let us stay no longer here, but go and look out for some Place where we may be concealed and relieved.

No, let me rather die, said the Prince; for what signifies it, whether I die here or elsewhere; for die I know I must very shortly. It may be this very Minute that we are talking. *Schemselnihar* is no more, and why should I endeavour to live after she is dead. The Jeweller at length prevail'd on him to go as he said; and they had not gone far before they came to a *Mosque*, which being open, they enter'd it, and pass'd there the Remainder of the Night.

At Day-break a single Man came into the *Mosque*, to his Devotion. When he had ended his Prayer, and was turning to go out, he perceived the Prince and Jeweller, who were sitting in a Corner to conceal themselves. He came up to them, and after having saluted them with a great deal of Civility, said, By what I perceive, Gentlemen, you seem to be Strangers.

The Jeweller answer'd, you are not deceived, Sir, we have been robb'd to Night in coming from *Baddad*, and are retir'd hither for

for Shelter. If you can relieve us in our Necessities, we should be very much oblig'd to you, for we know not any body here to make our Addresses to. The Man answer'd, if you shall think fit to come along with me to my House, I'll do what I can for you.

Upon this obliging Offer, the Jeweller turn'd to the Prince, and said in his Ear, This Man, as far as I can perceive, Sir, does not know us; therefore we had better go with him than stay here to be expos'd to the Sight of somebody that may. Do as you please, said the Prince, I am willing to be guided by your Discretion.

The Man observing the Prince and Jeweller consulting together, thought they made some Difficulty to accept his Proposition; wherefore he demanded of them if they were resolv'd what to do. The Jeweller answer'd, we are ready to follow you whither you please; all that we make a Difficulty about, is to appear thus naked.

Let not that trouble you, said the Man, we'll find wherewithal to cloath you, I warrant you; and they were no sooner got to the House, but he brought forth a very handsome Suit for each of them. Next, as he thought they must needs be very hungry, and have a mind to go to Bed, he had several Plates of Meat brought out to them by a Slave; but they eat little, especially the Prince, who was so dejected and dispirited, as gave the Jeweller Cause to fear he would die. Then they went to Bed, and their Host left them to their Repose, but they were no sooner laid, than the Jeweller was forc'd to call him again to assist at the Death of the Prince. He found him

him breath short, and with Difficulty, which gave him just Reason to fear he had but few Minutes to live. Coming near him, the Prince said, it is done, and I am glad you are by to be witness of my last Words. I quit this Life with a great deal of Satisfaction; but I need not tell you the Reason, for you know it too well already. All the Regret I have, is, that I cannot die in the Arms of my dearest Mother, who has always lov'd me with a Tenderness not to be express'd, and for whom I had a reciprocal Affection. She will undoubtedly not be a little griev'd that she could not close my Eyes, and bury me with her own Hands. But let her know how much I was concern'd at this, and desire her in my Name to have my Corpse transported to *Bagdad*, that she may have an Opportunity to bedew my Tomb with her Tears, and assist my departed Soul with her Prayers. He then took Notice of the Master of the House, and thank'd him for the several Favours he had receiv'd from him, desiring him to let his Body be deposited with him, 'till such time as it should be carry'd away to *Bagdad*. Having said all this, he turn'd aside and expir'd.

Scheherazade had just concluded her Story of this Prince's Death, when she perceiv'd the Day-light to appear, whereupon she left off, and resum'd her Discourse the next Night as follows.

CCX Night.

SIR, said she, next Day after the Prince's Death, the Jeweller took the Opportunity of a numerous *Caravan* that was going to *Bagdad*, and arriv'd there some time after in Safety. He first went home to change his Cloaths, and then hasten'd to the Prince's Palace, where everybody was surpriz'd to see their Lord was not come with him. He desir'd them to acquaint the Prince's Mother, that he must needs speak with her immediately ; and it was not long before he was introduc'd to her, whom he found in a Hall, with several of her Women about her. Madam, said he to her, with an Air that sufficiently denoted his ill News ; God preserve your Highness, and shower down the choicest of his Blessings upon you. You cannot be ignorant that 'tis he alone who disposes of us all at his Pleasure.

The Princess would not give him leave to go on ; but cry'd out, Alas ! you bring me the deplorable News of my Son's Death. At which Words she and her Women set up such a hideous Out-cry, as soon brought fresh Tears into the Jeweller's Eyes. She thus tormented and griev'd herself a long while before she would suffer the unfortunate Messenger to go on. However, at length she gave a Truce to her Sighs and Groans, beg'd of him to continue the fatal Relation, without concealing from her the least Circumstance. He did as she commanded ; and when he had done, she farther demanded of him, if her Son the

Prince had not given him in Charge something more particular. He assur'd her his last Words were, that it was of the greatest Concern to him, that he must die so far distant from his dear Mother ; yet he earnestly entreated her, she would be pleased to have his Corps transported to *Bagdad*. Accordingly next Morning at Day-break the Princess set out, with her Women, and great Part of her Slaves, to bring her Son's Body to her own Palace.

The Jeweller having taken leave of her, return'd Home very sad and melancholy, to think he had lost so good a Friend, and so accomplish'd a Prince in the Flower of his Age.

As he came near his House, dejected and musing, on a sudden lifting up his Eyes, he saw a Woman in Mourning and Tears, standing before him. He presently knew her to be the Confident, who had stood there grieving some Time that she could not see him. At the Sight of her, his Tears began to flow afresh, but he said nothing to her ; and going into his own House, she follow'd him.

They sat down, when the Jeweller beginning the dismal Discourse, ask'd the Confident, with a deep Sigh, if she had hear'd nothing of the Death of the Prince of *Persia*, and if it was on his Account that she griev'd ; Alas ! answer'd she, What ! is that charming Prince then dead ? He has not liv'd long after his dear *Schemselnihar*. Beauteous Souls ! continu'd she, in whatsoever Place ye now are, ye ought to be pleas'd that your Loves will no more be interrupted. Your Bodies were before an Obstacle to your Wishes ; but now being delivered of them, ye may unite as closely as ye please.

The

The Jeweller, who had heard nothing of *Schemselnihar's* Death, and had not observ'd the Confident was in Mourning, thro' his excessive Grief that blinded him, was now anew afflicted, to hear this farther bad News. Is *Schemselnihar* then dead ? cry'd he, out of great Astonishment. She's dead, reply'd the Confident, weeping afresh ; and 'tis for her I wear these Weeds. The Circumstances of her Death were extraordinary, continued she, therefore 'tis but requisite you should know them : But before I give you an Account of them, I beg you to let me know those of the Prince of *Persia*, whom, in Conjunction with my dearest Friend and Mistress, I shall lament as long as I live.

The Jeweller then gave the Confident that Satisfaction she desir'd, and after he had told her all, even to the Departure of the Prince's Mother to bring her Son's Body to *Bagdad* ; she began and said, You have not forgot, I suppose, that I told you the Califf had sent for *Schemselnihar* to his Palace ; and 'tis true, as we had all the Reason in the World to believe, he had been inform'd of the Amour betwixt her and the Prince, by the two Slaves, whom he had examin'd apart. Now you'll be apt to imagine he must of necessity be exceedingly enraged at *Schemselnihar*, and discover'd many Tokens of Jealousy and Revenge against the Prince. But I must tell you, he had neither one nor the other, and lamented only his dear Mistress's forsaking him, which he, in some Measure, attributed to himself, in giving her so much Freedom to walk about the City without his Eunuchs. This was all the

Resentment he shew'd, as you will find by his Carriage towards her, as follows:

He received her with an open Countenance, and when he observ'd the Sadness she was under, which nevertheless did not lessen her Beauty, with a Goodness peculiar to himself, he said, *Schemselnihar*, I cannot bear your appearing thus before me with an Air of Affliction. You must needs be sensible how much I have always lov'd you, by the continual Demonstrations I have given you of it; and I can never change my Mind, for even now I love you more than ever. You have Enemies, *Schemselnihar*, proceeded he, and those Enemies have done you all the Wrong they can. For this Purpose they have fill'd my Ears with Stories against you, which have not yet made the least Impression on me. Shake off then this Melancholy, continued he, and prepare to entertain your Lord this Night after your accustomed Manner. He said many other obliging Things to her, and then desir'd her to step into a magnificent Apartment, and stay for him.

The afflicted *Schemselnihar* was very sensible of the Kindness the *Caliph* had for her; but the more she thought herself obliged to him, the more she was concern'd that she was so far off from her Prince, without whom she could not live, and yet she was afraid she should never see him more.

This Interview between the *Caliph* and *Schemselnihar*, continu'd the Confident, was whilst I was come to speak with you, and I learn'd the Particulars of it from my Companions who were present. But I had no sooner left you, proceeded

proceeded she, than I went to my dear Mistress again, and was Eye-witness to what happen'd afterwards. I found her in the Apartment I told you of; and as she thought I came from you, she came up to me, and whispering me in the Ear, said, I am much oblig'd to you for the Service you have been doing me, but fear it will be the last. I took no Notice of her Words, and she said no more to me; but if I had had a mind to say any thing to comfort her, I was in a Place that was not proper for it.

The *Caliph* was introduc'd at Night with the Sound of Instruments our Women play'd upon, and the Collation was immediately serv'd up. He took his Mistress by the Hand, and made her sit down by him on the *Sofa*; which she did with that Regret, that she expir'd some few Minutes after. In short, she was hardly set down, but she fell backwards; which the *Caliph* believed to be only a Swoon, and so we thought all; but when we endeavour'd to bring her to herself, we found she was quite gone, which you may imagine not a little afflicted us.

The *Caliph* did her the Honour to weep over her, not being able to refrain from Tears; and before he left the Room, order'd all the Musical Instruments to be broke, which was immediately executed. For my part, I stay'd with her Corps all Night, and next Morning bath'd her with my Tears, and dress'd her for her Funeral. The *Caliph* had her interr'd soon after in a magnificent Tomb he had erected for her in her Life-time, in a Place she had desir'd to be bury'd in. Now since you tell me, said she, the Prince of *Persia's* Body is to be brought

brought to *Pagdad*. I will use my best Endeavours, that he shall be interr'd in the same Tomb, which may be some Satisfaction at least to two such faithful Lovers.

The Jeweller was somewhat surpriz'd at this Resolution of the Confident's, and said: Certainly you do not consider that this Enterprize is in a Manner impossible, for the Califf will be sure never to suffer it. Do not you be concern'd at that, reply'd she, for you'll undoubtedly be of another Opinion, after I have told you, that the Califf has given Liberty to all her Slaves in general, with a considerable Pension to each for their Subsistence; and as to my Particular, has honour'd me with the Charge of my Mistress's Tomb, and allotted me an annual Income for my Maintenance. Moreover, you must needs think, the Califf, who was not ignorant of the Amour between *Schemselnibar* and the Prince, as I have already told you, will not be a whit concern'd, if now after her Death he be bury'd with her. To all this the Jeweller had not a Word to say, yet earnestly intreated the Confident to conduct him to her Mistress's Tomb, that he might say his Prayers over her. When he came in Sight of it, he was not a little surprized to find a vast Number of People of both Sexes, that were come thither from all Parts of *Bagdad*. By Reason he could not come near the Tomb, he said his Prayers at a distance; and then going to the Confident, who was waiting hard by, he said to her, I am altogether of a contrary Opinion to what I was just now, for now I am so far from thinking that what you propos'd cannot be put in Execution, that you and I need only tell abroad what we know of the Amour of this unfortunate

fortunate Couple, and how the Prince died much about the same Time with his Mistress, and is now bringing up to be buried ; and the People will bring the Thing about, and not suffer that two such faithful Lovers should be separated when dead, whom nothing could divide in Affection whilst they liv'd. As he said, so it came to pass ; for as soon as it came to be known that the Corps were within a Day's Journey of the City, the Inhabitants almost of all Sorts went forth, and met it above twenty Miles off ; and afterwards march'd before it, 'till it came to the City Gate ; where the Confident waiting for that Purpose, presented herself before the Prince's Mother, and begg'd of her in the Name of the whole City, that she would be pleased to consent that the Bodies of the two Lovers, who had but one Heart whilst they liv'd, especially during their Amour, might be bury'd in the same Tomb now they were dead. The Princess immediately consented ; so the Corps of the Prince, instead of being deposited in his own Burying-Place, was laid by *Schemselnihar's* Side, after it had been carry'd along in Procession at the Head of an infinite Number of People, of all Conditions and Degrees ; nay, from that very Time, all the Inhabitants of *Bagdad*, and even Strangers, from such Parts of the World as honour'd the *Mahometan* Religion, have had a mighty Veneration for that Tomb, and paid their Devotion at it, as often as Opportunity would give them Leave.

This, Sir, said *Scheherazade*, who now perceiv'd the Day began to approach, is what I had to relate to your Majesty concerning the Amour of the fair *Schemselnihar*, Mistress to

the *Caliph, Haroun Alraschid*, and the worthy *Ali Ebn Becar*, Prince of *Persia*.

When *Dinarzade* observ'd her Sister the Sultaneſs had done ſpeaking, ſhe thank'd her in the moſt obliging Manner, for her Entertainment in a Hiſtory ſo exceedingly agreeable. If the Sultan will be but pleas'd to let me live till to Morrow, ſaid *Scheberazade*, I will alſo relate that of Prince * *Camaralzaman*, which you will find yet more agreeable. Here ſhe ſtop'd; and the Sultan, who could not yet reſolve on her Death, permitted her to go on next Night in the following manner.

CCXI Night.

NExt Day before it was light, and before ſhe had been awak'd after the uſual Manner by her Sister, *Scheberazade* related to the Sultan of the *Indies*, the Hiſtory of *Camaralzaman*, as ſhe had promis'd.

The Story of the Amours of Camaralzaman, Prince of the Iſles of the Children of Khaledan; and of Badoura, Princeſs of China.

SIR, ſaid ſhe, about twenty Days Sail on the Coaſt of *Persia*, there are Iſlands in the Main Ocean, call'd, the Iſlands of the Children of *Khaledan*: Theſe Iſlands are divided into four great Provinces, which have all of them very flou-

* This Word ſignifies in Arabick, the Moon of the Time, or the Moon of the Age.

flourishing and populous Cities, and which make together a most potent Kingdom. It is govern'd by a King nam'd * *Schahzaman*, who has four lawful Wives, all Daughters of Kings, and sixty Concubines.

Schahzaman thought himself the most happy Monarch of the World, as well on Account of his peaceful and prosperous Reign. One Thing only disturb'd his Happiness ; which was, that he was pretty old, and had no Children, tho' he had so many Wives. He knew not what to attribute this Barrenness to ; and what increas'd his Affliction was, that he was likely to leave his Kingdom without a Successor. He disssembled his Discontent a long while ; and what made it yet more uneasy to him was, that he was forc'd to dissemble. However, at length he broke Silence ; and one Day, after he had complain'd bitterly of his Misfortune to his Grand Vizier, he demanded of him, if he knew any Remedy for it.

That wise Minister reply'd, If what your Majesty requires of me, had depended on the ordinary Methods of human Wisdom, you had soon had an Answer to your Satisfaction ; but as my Experience and Knowledge are not sufficient to content you, I must advise you to have Recourse to the Divine Power alone, who in the Midst of our Prosperities, which often tempt us to forget him, is pleas'd so to limit our Discernment, that we may apply only to his Omniscience for what we have occasion to know. *Your Majesty has Subjects,* proceeded he,

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* That is to say in Persian, King of the Time, or King of the Age.

he, who make a Profession of loving and honouring God, and suffering great Hardships for his sake, to them I would advise you to have Recourse, and engage them, by Alms, to joyn their Prayers with yours; it may be some among them may be so just and agreeable to God, as to obtain what they pray for.

King *Schabzaman* approv'd this Advice very much, and thank'd his Vizier for it; he immediately caused rich Alms to be given to every *Monastery* in his Dominions; and having sent for the Superiors, declared to them his Intention, and desired them to acquaint their Monks with it.

The King, in short, obtained of Heaven what he requested; for in nine Months Time he had a Son born of one of his Wives. In Return for his Favour, he sent new Alms to the Religious Houses, and the Prince's Birth-day was celebrated throughout his Dominions for a Week together. The Prince was brought to him as soon as born; and he found him so beautiful, that he gave him the Name of *Camaralzaman*; i. e. *The Moon of the Age*.

He was educated with all the Care imaginable; and when he came to be old enough, his Father appointed him a Governor and able Preceptors. These distinguish'd Persons found him capable of receiving all the Instructions were proper to be given him, as well in relation to Morals, as the other Knowledge a Prince ought to have. When he came to be somewhat older, he learn'd all his Exercises, which he acquitted himself of with that Grace and wonderful Address, as charm'd all that saw him, and particularly the Sultan his Father.

Having

Having obtain'd the Age of Fifteen Years, the Sultan, who lov'd him tenderly, thought of resigning his Throne to him ; and acquainted his Grand Vizier with his Intentions. I am afraid, says he, lest my Son should lose those Advantages in Youth, which Nature and my Education have given him ; therefore since I am somewhat Advanc'd in Age, and fit for a Retreat, I have had Thoughts of resigning the Government to him, and passing the Remainder of my Days in the Satisfaction of seeing him reign. I have undergone the Fatigue of a Crown a long while, and think 'tis now proper for me to retire.

The Grand Vizier would not offer all the Reasons he could have brought to dissuade the Sultan from such a Proceeding ; on the contrary, he agreed with him in some Measure. Sir, reply'd he, the Prince is yet but young, and it would not be, in my humble Opinion, wholly adviseable to burden him with the Weight of a Crown so soon. Your Majesty fears, with a great deal of Reason, his Youth may be corrupted : But then, to remedy that, does not your Majesty likewise think it would be proper to marry him ; Marriage being what would keep him within Bounds, and confine his Inclinations. Moreover your Majesty might then admit him of your Council, where he would learn by Degrees the Art of reigning ; and so be fit to receive your Power so soon as you should think proper to bestow it on him.

Schahzaman found this Advice of his Prime Minister highly reasonable ; therefore summon'd the Prince to appear before him, at the same Time that he dismiss'd the Grand Vizier.

The

The Prince, who had been accustom'd to see his Father only at certain Times, was a little startled at this irregular Summons ; therefore, when he came before him, he saluted him with great Respect, and afterwards stood still, with his Eyes fix'd on the Ground.

The Sultan perceiving his Surprise, said to him in a mild Way ? Do you know, Son, for what Reason I have sent for you hither ? Not I, an't please your Majesty, answer'd the Prince, modestly ; God alone knows how to penetrate Hearts : I should be glad to know of your Majesty for what Reason ? Why, I sent for you, said the Sultan, to let you know I design to marry you : What do you think of it ?

Prince *Camaralzaman* heard this with great Uneasiness ; it quite dismounted him, he was all in a Sweat, and knew not what Answer to make. After some few Moments he, however, reply'd ; Sir, I beseech your Majesty to pardon me, if I seem'd surpris'd at the Declaration you have made to me : I did not expect any such Proposal to one so young as I am ; and besides, I know not whether I could ever prevail on my self to marry, not only on Account of the Trouble Wives bring a Man, and which I am very sensible of, tho' unmarried, but also by reason of their many Impostures, Wickednesses, and Treacheries, which I have read of in Authors. It may be, I may not be always of the same Mind, yet I cannot but think, I ought to have Time to conclude on what your Majesty requires of me.

Scheherazade would have gone on, but finding the Sultan begin to rise, it being Day, she desisted, and reserv'd what she had to say for

for the Night following; when she resum'd her Story, and said,

CCXII Night.

SIR, Prince *Camaralzaman's* Answer extremely afflicted his Father. He was not a little griev'd, so see what an Aversion he had to Marriage; yet would not call his Obedience in question, nor make use of his Paternal Authority. He contented himself with telling him, he would not force his Inclinations; and gave him Time to consider of what he propos'd to him; yet wish'd him to remember, that as a Prince, design'd to govern a great Kingdom, he ought to take some Care to leave a Successor.

Schahzaman said no more to the Prince; he admitted him into his Council, and gave him all the Reason to be satisfy'd that could be desir'd. About a Year after, he took him aside, and said to him; *Well, Son, have you thoroughly consider'd of what I propos'd to you about marrying last Year? Will you still refuse me that Satisfaction I desire, and let me die with seeing my self revive in your Posterity.*

The Prince seem'd less astonish'd than before; he now briskly answer'd his Father as follows; *Sir, I have not neglected to consider of what you propos'd to me; and upon the whole Matter, I am resolv'd to continue the State I am in, without concerning my self with Marriage. In short, Sir, the many Evils I have read Women have caus'd in the World, and the continual Mischiefs I still hear and observe they do, has been the Occasion of my Resolution, to have nothing*
to

to do with them ; so that, Sir, I hope your Majesty will pardon me, if I acquaint you 'twill be to no Purpose to solicit me any farther about that Affair. This said, and making a low Reverence, he went out briskly, without staying to hear what the Sultan would answer.

Now any Monarch but *Schahzaman* would have been in a wondrous Passion at such a Deportment of a Son ; but he took little Notice of it, resolving to use all gentle Methods before he proceeded to Force. He communicated this new Cause of Discontent to his Prime Minister. *I have followed your Advice*, said he, *but Camaralzaman is farther off than ever from complying with my Desires. He deliver'd his Resolution in such arrogant Terms, that I had all the Occasion in the World for my Reason and Moderation to keep me from being in a Passion. Fathers that desire Favours of their Children, which they nevertheless may command, are to blame themselves only if they are disobey'd. But tell me, I beseech you, how I shall reclaim this hardy young Prince, who proves so rebellious to my Pleasure.*

Sir, answered the Grand Vizier, *Patience brings many Things about, that before seem'd unpracticable ; but it may be this Affair is of a Nature not likely to succeed that way. However, in my Judgment, your Majesty would do well to give the Prince another Year to consider of the Matter ; and if when that is expired, he still continues averse to your Proposal, then your Majesty may propose it to him in full Council, as a Thing that is highly necessary for the Common Good ; and 'tis not likely he will refuse to comply with you, before so grave an Assembly, and on so necessary an Account, whatever he has done before.*

The Sultan, who desired so passionately to see his Son marry'd, thought this long Delay an Age; however, tho' with much Difficulty, he at length yielded to his Grand Vizier's Reasons, and which he could no ways disapprove.

Day-light, which now began to appear, impos'd Silence on *Scheherazade*, yet she renew'd her Story at Night following, and said to the Sultan *Schahriar*.

CCXIII Night.

SIR, after the Grand Vizier was gone, Sultan *Schahzaman* went to the Apartment of the Mother of Prince *Camaralzaman*, to whom he had often discover'd what an ardent Desire he had to marry the Prince; when he had told her with Tears in his Eyes, how his Son had refus'd to comply with him a second time; and that nevertheless, through the Advice of his Grand Vizier, he was inclinable to wait yet a longer Time for his Compliance; he said, Madam, *I know he will hearken more to you than me, therefore I desire you would take your Time to speak to him seriously of the Matter, and to let him know, that if he persists much longer in his Obstinacy, he will oblige me to have Recourse to Extremities that may not be pleasing to him, and which may give him Cause to repent of having disobey'd me.*

Fatima, for so was the Lady call'd, acquainted the Prince, the first Time she saw him, that she had been inform'd of his second Refusal to be marry'd, and how much Chagrin he had occasion'd his Father on that Account. *Madam,*

says the Prince, I beseech you not to renew my Grief upon that Head, for if you do, I have Reason to fear, in the Disquiet I am under, that something may escape me, which may not altogether correspond with the Respect I owe you. Fatima knew by this Answer this was not a proper Time to speak to him, and therefore deferr'd what she had to say to another Opportunity.

Some considerable while after, Fatima thought she had met with a more favourable Occasion, which gave her Hopes of being heard upon that Subject: She therefore accosted him with all the Eagerness imaginable; Son, said she, I beg of you, if it be not very irksome to you, to tell me what Reason you have for your so great Aversion to Marriage? If you have no other than the Badness and Wickedness of some Women, there can be nothing less reasonable and more weak. I will not undertake the Defence of those that are bad, there are a great Number of them undoubtedly; but it would be the greatest Injustice imaginable, to condemn all the Sex for their Sakes. Alas! Son, you have met a great many bad Women in your Books, who have occasion'd great Disorders, and I will not excuse them: But you do not consider how many Monarchs, Sultans, and other Princes, there have been in the world, whose Tyrannies, Barbarities, and Cruelties, astonish'd those that read of them, and which I have done myself. Now, for one woman that is thus wicked, you'll meet with a thousand of these Tyrants and Barbarians; and what Torment, do you think, must a good woman undergo, for such there are, who is match'd with any of these wretches.

Madam, reply'd Camaralzaman, I doubt not but there are a great Number of wise,
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virtuous, good, affable, and generous Women in the World; and would to God they all resembled you: But what sticks with me is, the doubtful Choice a Man is oblig'd to make, and oftentimes one has not that Liberty neither.

Let us suppose then, Madam, continued he, that I had a Mind to marry, as the Sultan, my Father, so earnestly desires I should; what Wife, think you, would be likely to provide for me? Propably a Princess whom he would demand of some neighbouring Prince, and who would think it an Honour'd done him to send him her. Fair or ugly, good or ill humour, she must go down. Nay, suppose no other Princess excell'd her in Beauty, yet who can be certain that her Temper would be of equal Goodness; that she would be affable, complaisant, entertaining, obliging, and the like: That her Discourse would generally run on solid Matters, and not on Trifles, such as Dress, Adjustments, Ornaments, and the like Fooleries, which would disgust any Man of Sense? In a Word, that she would not be haughty, proud, arrogant, impertinent, scornful, and waste a Man's Estate in frivolous Expences, such as gawdy Cloaths, unnecessary Jewels, Toys, and the like long Train of magnificent Follies?

Thus you see, Madam, continu'd he, how many Reasons a Man may have to be disgusted at Marriage: Well, but to go farther; Let this Princess be never so perfect, accomplish'd, and irreproachable with any Crimes, I have yet a great many more Reasons not to desist from my Sentiment, or depart from my Resolution.

What, Son, reply'd Fatima, have you then more Reasons after those you have already brought? I don't doubt but what I shall find where-withal to answer them, and stop your Mouth in a Word.

a Word. Very well, Madam, reply'd the Prince, and perhaps I may find wherewithal to reply to your Answer.

I mean, Son, said Fatima, that it is easy for a Prince who has had the Misfortune to marry such a Wife as you describe, to get rid of her, and take such Care that she may not prejudice his Estate.

Ah, but Madam, reply'd the Prince, you don't consider what a Mortification 'twou'd be to a Person of so great Quality, to be obliged to come to an Extremity of that Nature. Would it not have been better, think you, and much more for his Honour and Quiet, that he had never run such a Risque.

But, Son, said Fatima once more, after the Manner you understand Things; I apprehend you have a mind to be the last King of your Race, who have nevertheless reign'd so long and gloriously in the Isles of the Children of Khaledan.

Madam, reply'd the Prince, for my part, I don't desire to survive the King my Father; and if I should die before him, it would be no great Matter of Wonder, since so many Children have died before their Parents. But as for my leaving no Successor, I am of Opinion 'tis much better to be the last of one's Race, than Father to a bad Prince, or Husband to a bad Wife.

From that Time Fatima had frequent Conferences with her Son, the Prince, on the same Subject; and she omitted no Opportunity or Argument to endeavour rooting out his Aversion to the fair Sex; but he eluded all her Reasonings by such as she could not well answer, and so continued in the same Mind.

The Year ran out, and to the great Regret of the Sultan, Prince Camaralzaman gave not the least Proof of having changed his Sentiments;

ments; so one Day when there was a great Council held, the Prime Vizier, the other Viziers, the principal Officers of the Crown, and the Generals of the Army being present, the Sultan began to speak thus to the Prince: Son, 'tis now a long while since I have earnestly desired to see you married, and I imagined you would have had more Complaisance for a Father, who requir'd nothing unreasonable of you, than to oppose him so long. But after so great Resistance on your Part, which has almost worn out my Patience, I have thought fit to propose the same Thing once more to you in the Presence of my Council. Now, I would have you to consider, that this Favour I desire, is not only to oblige me, but to comply with the earnest Request of the Estates of my Dominions, who for the Common Good of us all, in Conjunction with me, require it of you: Declare then, before these Lords present, Whether you will marry or not? That according to your Answer I may proceed, and take those Measures which I ought.

The Prince answer'd with so little Temper, or rather with so much Heat, that the Sultan, enraged to see himself so affronted in full Council, cry'd out, *How! unnatural Son! have you the Insolence to talk thus to your Father and Sultan? Ho! Guards take him away - - -* At which Words he was seized by the Eunuchs, and carry'd to an old Tower, that had had no body in it for a long while, where he was shut up, with only a Bed, a few Moveables, some Books, and one Slave only to attend him.

Camaralzaman thus depriv'd of Liberty, was nevertheless pleas'd he had the Freedom to converse with Books, and that made him look
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on this Confinement with some Indifference. In the Evening he bath'd, and said his Prayers; and after having read some Chapters in the *Alcoran*, with the same Tranquility of Mind, as if he had been in the Sultan's Palace, he undress'd himself, and went to Bed, leaving his Lamp burning by him all the while he slept.

In this Tower was a Well, which serv'd for a Retreat to a certain *Fary*, nam'd *Maimoune*, Daughter of *Damrial*, King or Head of a Legion of *Genies*. It was about Midnight when this *Maimoune* came forth silently, to wander about the World after her wonted Custom. She was surpriz'd to see a Light in Prince *Camaralzaman's* Chamber. She enter'd there, and without stopping at the Slave who lay at the Door, approach'd the Bed, whose Magnificence, though very great, she did not so much wonder at, as that there should be a Man in it.

Prince *Camaralzaman* had but half cover'd his Face with the Bed-Cloaths, by which *Maimoune* could perceive, he was the finest young Man she had seen in all her Rambles through the World. What Beauty, or rather, what Prodigy of Beauty, said she within herself, will this Youth appear, when his so well form'd Eye-lids shall be open? What Crime can he have committed to deserve being treated thus rigorously.

She could not forbear admiring the Prince, till at length having kissed him gently on both Cheeks, and in the Middle of the Forehead, without waking him, she laid the Bed Coaths in the Order they were in before, and took her Flight into the Air. As she mount-
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ed to the middle Region, she heard a great Claping of Wings, which made her fly towards that Side, and when she approach'd, she saw the *Genie* that made the Noise, but it was one of those that are rebellious to God. As for *Maimoune*, she belong'd to that Class whom the great *salomon* forc'd to conform.

This *Genie*, whose Name was *Danhasch*, and Son of *Schambourasch*, knew *Maimoune*, but did not dare to take Notice of her, in that he was sensible how much Power she had over him, by her Submission to the Almighty. He would fain have avoided her, but she was so near him, he must either fight or yield.

Brave *Maimoune*, said *Danhasch*, in the Tone of a Suppliant, swear to me in the Name of the great Power, that you won't hurt me; and I'll swear also on my Part, not to do you any Harm.

Curs'd *Genie*, reply'd *Maimoune*, what Hurt canst thou do me? I fear thee not; but as thou hast desir'd this Favour of me, I will swear not to do thee any Harm. Tell me then, wandering Spirit, whence thou comest, what thou hast seen, and what Mischief thou has done this Night? Fair Lady, answered *Danhasch*, you meet me in a good Time to hear something that's very wonderful.

The Sultane's *Schebreazade* was oblig'd to go on no farther with her Story, because Day-light began to appear, but the Night following proceeded as follows.

CCXIV Night.

The History of the Princess of China.

SIR, said she to the Sultan, *Danbasch*, the rebellious *Genie* against God, proceeded, and said to *Maimoune*; *Since you desire it of me, I will acquaint you. I come from the utmost Limits of China, which look on the last Islands of this Hemisphere. . . . But charming Maimoune, said here Danbasch, who trembled at the Sight of this Fairy, insomuch that he could hardly speak, promise me at least you will forgive me, and let me go on in my Way after I have satisfy'd your Demands.*

Go on, go on, curs'd Spirit, reply'd Maimoune, go on and fear nothing. Dost thou think I am as perfidious an Elf as thy self, and that I am capable of breaking the serious Oath I have made? No, you may depend on my Promise, but be sure you tell nothing but what's true, or I shall clip your Wings, and treat you as you deserve.

Danbasch a little hearten'd at the Words of Maimoune, said, My dear Lady, I'll tell you nothing but what's exceeding true, if you'll have but the Goodness to hear me. You must know then, the Country of China, from whence I come, is one of the largest and most powerful Kingdoms of the Earth, on which depend the utmost Islands of this Hemisphere, as I have already told you. The King of this Country is at present Gaiour, who has a Daughter the finest Woman that ever the Sun saw. Neither you nor I, nor your Class nor mine, nor all Mankind together, have Expressions lively enough to give a sufficient Description

tion of this bright Lady. Her Hair is brown, and of so great a Length that it reaches far below her Feet. Her Forehead is as smooth as the best polish'd Mirrour, and of admirable Symmetry. Her Eyes are black, sparkling, and full of Fire. Her Nose is neither too long nor too short; and her Mouth small and Vermilion. Her Teeth are like two Rows of Pearls, and surpass the finest of that sort of Whiteness. When she moves her Tongue, she forms a sweet and most agreeable Voice; and expresses her self in such proper Terms, as sufficiently vindicate the Vivacity of her Wit. The whitest Marble or Alabaster is not fairer than her Neck. In a Word, by this imperfect Sketch, you may guess there's no Beauty like to exceed her in the World.

Any one that did not know the King, Father of this incomparable Princess, would be apt to imagine, from the great Respect and Kindness he shews her, that he was in Love with his Daughter. Never did Lover do more for a Mistress, the most endearing, than he has been seen to do for her. In a Word, never was Jealousy more watchful over one than he is over her; and to the End her Retreat, which he has resolv'd on, may not seem irksome to her, he has built seven Palaces for her, the most uncommon and magnificent that ever was known.

The first Palace is of Rock Chrystal, the second of Brass, the third of fine Steel, the fourth of another sort of Brass more valuable than the foregoing, the fifth of Touchstone, the sixth of Silver, and the Seventh of Massy Gold. He has furnished these Palaces most sumptuously, and after a most unheard of Manner, with a Matter not much unlike that they

they are built of. He has fill'd the Gardens with Parterres of Grass, and Flowers, intermix'd with all Manner of Waterworks, such as *Jet-d'eau's*, Canals, Cascades, and the like. Then you have great Groves of Trees, where the Eye is lost in Prospect, and the Sun never enters. King *Gaiour*, in a Word, has made it appear that his paternal Love exceeds all those of any other Kind whatsoever.

Now, upon the Fame of this incomparable Princess's Beauty, the most powerful neighbouring Kings sent their Ambassadors to request her in Marriage. The King of *China* received them all in a most obliging Manner; but as he resolved not to marry his Daughter without her Consent, so as she did not like any of them, they were forc'd to return as they came, after having received great Honours and Civilities.

Sir, said the Princess, to the King her Father, you have a Mind to marry me, and think to oblige me by it; but where shall I find such stately Palaces, and delicious Gardens, as I have with your Majesty? Under your good Pleasure I am unconstrain'd in all Things, and have the same Honours done me that are paid to your own Person. These are Advantages I cannot expect to find any where else, to whatsoever Husband I should give myself; Men love ever to be Masters, and I don't care to be commanded.

After divers more Embassies on the same Occasion, there came one from the most rich and potent King that had hitherto sent. This Prince the King of *China* recommended to his Daughter as a Husband, both advantageous and proper for her: Yet him she refus'd for the same

same Reasons as before ; and begg'd of her Father to dispense with her on that Account. He press'd her to hearken to him ; but instead of complying, she lost all the Respect and Duty that was due to him. Sir, said she, in a great Rage, trouble me no more with any Talk of Marriage, unless you would have me bury this Poynard in my Bosom, to deliver myself from your Importunities.

The King at this being greatly enrag'd, said in a mighty Passion, Daughter, you are mad, and I must use you as such. In a Word, he had shut her up in a certain Apartment of one of the seven Palaces, and allow'd her only ten old Women to wait upon, and keep her Company, the chief whereof had been her Nurse. And to the End the Kings, his Neighbours, who had sent Embassies to him on this Account, might not think any more of her, he dispatch'd Envoys to them severally, to let them know how averse his Daughter was to Marriage ; and as he did not doubt but she was really mad, he gave them in Charge to make known in every Court, that if there were any Physician that would undertake to come and cure her, he should, if he succeeded, have her for his Pains.

Fair *Maimoune*, said *Danhasch*, all is true that I've told you ; and I, for my Part, have not fail'd to go every Day regularly to contemplate this incomparable Beauty, whom I should be very far from doing any Harm to, notwithstanding my natural Bent that way. Now I would have you go and see her, continu'd he ; I'll assure you it would be worth your while, and don't doubt but you would think yourself oblig'd to me for the Sight, when you

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come to find I am no Liar, I am ready to wait on you as a Guide, and you may command me as soon as you please.

Instead of answering *Danbasch*, *Maimoune* burst out into a violent Laughter, which lasted for some time; and *Danbasch* not knowing what might be the Occasion of it, was not a little astonish'd. When she had laughed her Laugh out, she cry'd good, good, very good, you would have me then believe all you have told me: I thought you designed to entertain me with something surprizing and extraordinary, and you have been talking all this while of a Driveller. Ah! fye, fye, What would you say, if you had seen the fine Prince that I am just come from seeing, and whom I love with a Passion equal to his Desert? I'm confident you'd soon give up the Bell, and not pretend to compare your's with my Choice.

Agreeable *Maimoune*, reply'd *Danbasch*, may I presume to ask you how this Prince is call'd? Know, answer'd *Maimoune*, he has had an Accident happen'd to him, much like that of your Princess. The King his Father would needs have him marry'd against his Will; but after many Importunities, he frankly told the old Gentleman, he would have nothing to do with a Wife. This occasion'd him to be put in Prison in an old Tower, where I make my Residence, and whence I came but just now from admiring him.

I will not absolutely contradict you, my pretty Lady, reply'd *Danbasch*, but you must give me Leave to be of Opinion, till I have seen the Prince, that no mortal upon Earth can come near the Beauty of my Princess. Hold thy Tongue, curs'd Sprite, reply'd *Mai-*

moune,

moune, I tell thee once more, that can never be. I will not contend with you, said *Danbasch*, but the Way to be convinc'd, is to accept of the Proffer I make you, to go and see my Princess, and after I will go with you to your Prince.

There's no need I should take so much Pains, reply'd *Maimoune*, there's another Way to satisfy us both; and that is, for you to bring your Princess, and place her at my Prince's bed-side; by this Means it will be easy for us to compare them together, and see which is the handsomest.

Danbasch consented to what *Maimoune* had propos'd, and was resolv'd to set out immediately for *China* upon that Errand. But *Maimoune* drew him aside, and told him, she must first shew him where the Place was whither he was to bring the Princess. They flew together to the Tower, and when *Maimoune* had shown whither he was to come, she cry'd, Go now, fetch your Princess, and do it quickly, for you shall find me here.

The Day beginning to appear, *Scheherazade* was forc'd to leave off: But she resum'd her Discourse the Night following, and said to the *Sultan* of the *Indies*.

CCXXV Night.

SIR, *Danbasch* left *Maimoune*, and flew towards *China*, whence he soon return'd with incredible Speed, bringing the fair Princess along with him asleep. *Maimoune* receiv'd him, and introduc'd him into the Chamber of Prince *Camaralzaman*, where they together plac'd the Princess by the Prince's Side.

When the Prince and Princess were thus laid together, all the while asleep, there arose a great Contest between the *Genie* and *Fairy* about the Preference of their Beauty. They were sometime admiring and comparing them, but at length *Danbasch* broke Silence, and said to *Maimoune*, You see, and I have already told you, my Princess was handsomer than your Prince; now, I hope, you are convinc'd of it.

How! convinc'd of it, reply'd *Maimoune*; I am not convinc'd of it, and you must be blind, if you can't see that my Prince has the better of the Comparison. Thy Princess is fair, I don't deny it; but if you compare them together without Prejudice, you will quickly see the Difference.

Though I should compare them never so often, said *Danbasch*, I could never change my Opinion. I saw what I see now at first Sight, and Time will not be able to make me see more: However, this shan't hinder my yielding to you, charming *Maimoune*, if you desire it. I'd have you yield to me as a Favour! I scorn it, said *Maimoune*, I would not receive a Favour at such a wicked *Genie*'s Hands; I refer the Matter to an Arbitrator, and if you will not consent, I shall get the better by your Refusal.

Danbasch, who ever had a great deal of Complaisance for *Maimoune*, immediately gave his Consent, which he had no sooner done, but *Maimoune* stamping with her Foot, the Earth open'd, and out came a hideous, hump-back'd blind and lame *Genie*, with six Horns on his Head, and Claws on his Hands and Feet. As soon as he was come out, and the Earth had clos'd

clos'd up, he perceiving *Maimoune*, cast himself at her Feet, and then rising upon one Knee, asked her what she would please to have with him.

Rise *Caschcasch*, said *Maimoune*, I caus'd you to come hither to determine a Difference between me and that curs'd *Danbasch* there. Look on that Bed, and tell me without Partiality, which is the handsomest of those two that lie there asleep, the young Man or the young Lady.

Caschcasch look'd on the Prince and Princess with great Attention, Admiration and Surprise; and after he had consider'd them a good while, without being able to determine whether was the handsomer, he turned to *Maimoune*, and said, Madam, I must needs confess I should deceive you, and betray my self, if I pretended to say one was a whit handsomer than the other: The more I examine them the more it seems to me each possess, in a sovereign Degree, that Beauty which is betwixt them; and if one has not the least Defect, how can the other have any Advantage? But if either has any thing amiss, it will better be discover'd when they are awake, than now they are asleep. Let them then be awak'd one after another; and that Person who shall express most Love for the other by Ardour, Eagerness and Passion, shall be deem'd to have least Beauty.

This Proposal of *Caschcasch*'s pleas'd equally both *Maimoune* and *Danbasch*. *Maimoune* then chang'd herself into a Flea, and leap'd on the Prince's Neck, where she stung him so smartly, that he awoke, and put up his Hand to the Place; but *Maimoune* skipp'd away as soon as

she had done, and resumed her pristine Form; which, like those of the two *Genies*, was invisible, the better to observe what he would do.

In drawing back his Hand the Prince chanced to let it fall on that of the Princess of *China*. He opened his Eyes, and was exceedingly surprized to find a Lady lying by him; nay, a Lady of the greatest Beauty. He raised his Head, and leaned on his Elbow, the better to consider her. Her blooming Youth, and incomparable Beauty, fired him in a Moment; of which Flame he had never yet been sensible, and from which he had even hither guarded himself with the greatest Application.

Love seized on his Heart in the most lively Manner, insomuch that he could not help crying out, What Beauty is this! What Charms! O my Heart! O my Soul! In saying which, he kissed her Forehead, both her Cheeks and her Mouth, with so little Caution, that she had certainly been awaked by it, had not she slept sounder than ordinary, through the Enchantment of *Dambasch*.

How! my pretty Lady, said the Prince, do you not awake at these Testimonies of Love given you by Prince *Camaralzaman*? Whosoever you are, I would have you to know he is not unworthy of your Affection. He was going to awake her at that Instant, but refrained himself all of a sudden. Is not this she, said he, that the *Sultan* my Father would have had me marry? He was in the wrong not to let me see her sooner. Had he so done, I should not have offended him by my Disobedience, nor would he have had any Occasion to use me as he has done.

The Prince began to repent sincerely of the Fault he had committed, and was once more upon the Point of awaking the Princess of *China*. It may be, said he within himself, the *Sultan*, my Father, has a Mind to surprize me, and has sent this young Lady to try if I had really that Aversion for Marriage which I pretended. Who knows, but having thus laid her in my Way, he is hid behind the Hangings, to take an Opportunity to appear and make me asham'd of my Diffimulation. This second Crime would be yet much greater than my first. Upon the whole Matter, I will content my self with this Ring, which will at any time create me a Remembrance of this dear Lady.

He then gently drew off a fine Ring the Princess had on her Finger, and immediately put on one of his own in the Place. After this he turned his Back, and was not long before he fell into a profounder Sleep than before, thro' the Enchantment of the *Genies*.

As soon as Prince *Camaralzaman* was found asleep, *Danbasch* transform'd himself into a Flea likewise in his Turn, and went and bit the Princess so rudely on the lower Lip, that she forthwith awoke, started and clapp'd herself upon her Breech, and opening her Eyes, was not a little surpriz'd to see a Man lying by her. From Surprize she proceeded to Admiration, and from Admiration to a real Joy, which she conceiv'd at finding him so beautiful and young.

What! cry'd she, is it you, the King my Father has design'd me for a Husband? I am indeed most unfortunate for not knowing it before, for then I should not have put my Lord

and Father in a Rage, nor been so long depriv'd of a Husband, whom I cannot forbear loving with all my Heart. Wake then, wake my dear Love! preceeded she, for it does not sure become a Man that is marry'd to sleep so soundly the first Night of his Nuptials.

So saying, she took Prince *Camaralzaman* by the Arm, and shook him so violently, as had been enough to have awak'd the profoundest Sleeper, had not *Maimoune* at that Instant increas'd his Sleep, and augmented his Enchantment. She renew'd this shaking several Times, and finding it did not awake him, she cry'd out, What is come to thee, my Dear! What jealous Rival, envying thy Happiness and mine, has had recourse to Magick, to throw thee into this profound and unsurmountable Drowsiness, from whence, I think, thou wilt never recover. Then she snatch'd his Hand, and kissing it eagerly, perceiv'd he had a Ring upon his Finger which greatly resembled hers, and which she found to be her own. So soon as she saw she had another upon her Finger instead of it, she could not comprehend how this Exchange could be made; but yet she did not doubt but it was a certain Token of their Marriage. At length being tir'd with her fruitless Endeavours to awake the Prince, yet well assur'd he could not escape her, when he awoke, she said, since I find it is not in my Power to awake thee, I will not trouble my self any farther about it, but bid thee good Night, and so compose my self to Rest. At these Words, after having given him a hearty Kiss on the Cheeks and Lips, she turn'd her Back, and went again to sleep.

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When *Maimoune* saw she could speak without Fear of awaking the Princess, she cry'd to *Danbasch*, Ah, cursed *Genie*, dost thou not now see what thy Contest is come to? Art thou not now convinc'd how much thy Princess is inferior to my Prince in Charms? At this she turned to *Caschcasch*, and after having thank'd him for his Trouble, bid him in Conjunction with *Danbasch*, take the Princess and convey her back again to her Bed, from whence he had taken her. *Danbasch* and *Caschcasch* did as they were commanded, and *Maimoune* retired to her Well.

The Day beginning to appear, impos'd Silence on the Sultaneſs *Scheherazade*, and the Sultan got up; but next Night she continued her Story as follows.

CCXVI Night.

The Remainder of the History of Prince Camaralzaman.

SIR, said the Sultaneſs, Prince *Camaralzaman* waking next Morning, look'd to see if the Lady were by him whom he had seen the Night before. When he found she was gone, he cry'd out, I thought indeed this was a Trick the King my Father design'd to play me. I am oblig'd to him for the Favour, yet have fairly escap'd his Trap. Then he wak'd the Slave, who was still asleep, and bid him come and dress him. The Slave brought a Bason of Water, and after he had wash'd, and said his Prayers, he took a Book and fell a reading.

After those ordinary Exercises, he called the Slave, and said to him, Come hither, and look you don't tell me a Lye. How came the Lady hither, who lay with me to Night, and who brought her?

My Lord, answer'd the Slave with great Astonishment, I know not what Lady your Highness speaks of. I speak, said the Prince, of her that came hither, and lay with me to Night, or rather that was brought for that Purpose. My Lord, reply'd the Slave, I know of no such Lady; and if there were any such, how should she come in without my Knowledge, since I lay at the Door?

Are you in the Contrivance then, Villain, reply'd the Prince? Slave, you lye, for here was a Lady here. In saying these Words, he gave him a Box o'th' Ear, push'd him along upon the Ground, and then stamp'd upon him for some Time, 'till at length taking the Well-Rope, and tying it under his Arms, he plunged him several Times into the Water. I'll drown thee, Wretch, cry'd he, if thou dost not tell me speedily who this Lady was, and who brought her?

The Slave half dead, said within himself, doubtless, my Lord the Prince must have lost his Senses thro' Grief, and I shall not know how to escape being murdered by him, if I do not tell him a Lye. My Lord, then cry'd he, in an humble and supplicant Tone, I beseech your Highness to spare my Life, and I will tell you how the Matter is.

Then the Prince drew the Slave up, and pressed him to begin. As soon as he was out of the Well, my Lord, said he, trembling, your Highness may perceive it is not proper
for

for me to relate any thing to you in this Condition ; I beg you to give me leave to go and change my Cloaths, and I will satisfy you in all I am able. Do it then quickly said the Prince, and besure you conceal nothing, for if you do, you must expect the worst of Usage.

The Slave being at Liberty went out, and having lock'd the Door upon the Prince, ran to the Palace in the Pickle he was in. The King was at that Time in Discourse with his Prime Vizier, to whom he had just related the Agonies he had undergone that Night on Account of his Son's Disobedience.

The wise Minister endeavour'd to comfort his Master, by telling him he did not doubt but the Prince would soon be reduced to Obedience. Sir, said he, your Majesty need not repent of having us'd your Son after this Rate ; I dare promise it will contribute towards reclaiming him. Have but Patience to let him continue awhile in Prison, and no doubt his Heat of Youth will abate, and he will submit entirely to your Pleasure.

The Grand Vizier had just made an End of speaking when the Slave came in, and cast himself at King *Schabzaman's* Feet. My Lord, said he, I am very sorry to be the Messenger of ill News to your Majesty, which I know must create you fresh Affliction. My Lord the Prince is distracted ; he fancies a fine Lady has lain with him all Night, and has used me thus ill for questioning it. Then he proceeded to tell all the Particulars of what Prince *Camaralzaman* had said to him.

The King, who did not expect to hear any thing of this Kind, said to his Prime Minister,
Now

Now you see how much you are mistaken in the Remedy of a Prison. This is very different from what Hopes you gave me just now: Run immediately and see what is the Matter, and come and give me a speedy Account.

The Grand *Vizier* obey'd, and coming into the Prince's Chamber, he found him sitting on his Bed in good Temper, and with a Book in his Hand, which he was Reading.

After mutual Salutations, the *Vizier* sat down by him, and said, My Lord, I would willingly have a Slave of your's punish'd, who has come to fright the King your Father, with News that has put him under great Disturbance.

What News is that, reply'd the Prince, that could give my Father so great Uneasiness? I have much greater Cause to complain of that Slave.

My Lord, answer'd the *Vizier*, God forbid that News should be true; which he has told your Father concerning you, and which indeed I myself found to be false, by the good Temper I observe you in, and which I pray God to continue. It may be, reply'd the Prince, he did not make himself well understood; but since you are come, who ought to know something of the Matter, give me leave to ask you who was that Lady, that lay with me last Night?

The Grand *Vizier* was almost struck Dumb at this Demand; however he recover'd himself, and said, My Lord, be not surpriz'd at the Confusion I was under upon your Question. Is it possible, think you, my Lord, any Lady or other Person in the World, should penetrate by Night into this Place, without entering at the Door, and walking over the Belly of your Slave?

Slave ? I beseech you, my Lord, recollect yourself, and you'll find this is only a Dream which has made this Impression on you.

I give no Ear to what you say, said the Prince, in an angry and high Tone, I must know of you absolutely what is become of this Lady; and if you scruple to obey me, I am in a Place where I shall soon be able to force you to tell me.

At these stern Words, the Grand *Vizier* began to be under greater Confusion than before, and was thinking how to get away, the best he could. He endeavour'd to pacify the Prince by good Words, and begg'd of him in the most humble Manner, to tell him if he had seen this Lady ?

Yes, yes, answer'd the Prince, I have seen her, and am very well satisfy'd you sent her to tempt me. She play'd the Art you had given her admirably well, for I could not get a Word out of her. She pretended to be asleep, but I was no sooner got into a Slumber, than she rose and left me. You know all this, as well as I; for I don't doubt, but she has been to make her Report of her Dexterity.

My Lord, reply'd the *Vizier*, I swear to your Highness, nothing of this has been acted, which you seem to reproach me with; and I vow, by the Head of our great Prophet, neither your Father, nor I, have sent this Lady you speak of, if I may believe my Royal Master's Protestations; and sure I am, I can answer for myself : I am confident, we never had either of us any such Thought; permit me therefore, to remember your Highness once more, this must needs be a Dream.

How!

How ! What do you come to affront and contradict me, said the Prince in a great Rage, and to tell me to my Face, that what I have told you is a Dream ? You are an unbelieving Varlet, cry'd he, and at the same Time took him by the Beard, and loaded him with so many Thumps, he was hardly able to stand under them.

The poor Grand *Vizier* endur'd patiently all the Brunt of his Lord's Indignation, and could not help saying within himself, Now am I even in as bad a Condition as the Slave, and shall think my self Happy, if I can, like him, escape from any further Danger. In the midst of the Blows that were given him he cry'd out but for a Moments Audience, which the Prince, after he had near tir'd himself with banging him, consented to give him.

I own, my Lord, said the Grand *Vizier*, dissembling, there's something in what your Highness suspects ; but you cannot be ignorant under what Necessity a Minister is to obey his Royal Master's Orders : Yet if your Highness will be but pleas'd to set me at Liberty, I'll go and tell him any thing on your Part that you shall think fit to command me. Go then, said the Prince, and tell him from me, if he pleases, I will marry the Lady he sent me, or rather, that was brought me last Night. Do this quickly, and bring me a speedy Answer. The Grand *Vizier* made a profound Reverence, and went away, not thinking himself altogether safe, till he had got out of the Tower, and shut the Door upon the Prince.

He came and presented himself before Sultan *Schahzaman*, with a Countenance that
suffici-

sufficiently shewed he had been ill used. Well, said the King, in what Condition did you find my Son: Sir, answered the *Vizier*, what the Slave reported to your Majesty is but too true. He then began to relate what Interview he had had with *Camaralzaman*, how he was in a Passion upon his endeavouring to perswade him it was impossible any Lady should get in to him, how he had used him very scurvily, and by what Means he made his Escape.

Schabzaman, so much the more concerned, as he loved the Prince with an exceeding Tenderness, resolved to find out the Truth of this Matter, and therefore proposed to go see his Son in the Tower himself, accompany'd with the Grand *Vizier*.

Here the *Sultaneſs* stopped, perceiving the Day began to appear; yet went on the Night following with the same Story, telling the *Sultan*,

CCXVII Night.

SIR, Prince *Camaralzaman* received the King his Father in the Tower, with great Respect. The King sat down, and made his Son the Prince sit down by him, putting several Questions to him, which he answer'd with a great deal of good Sense. As they talked, the King, every now and then look'd on the Grand *Vizier*, being as much as to say, he did not find his Son had lost his Wits, but rather thought he had lost his.

The King at length spoke of the Lady to his Son. Son, said he, I desire you to tell me what

what Lady that was, that lay with you the other Night, as I have been told.

Sir, answer'd *Camaralzaman*, I beg of your Majesty not to give me any more Disturbance on that Head, but rather to oblige me so far as to let me have her in Marriage: Whatever Averfion I may formerly have discover'd for Women, this young Lady has charm'd me to that Degree, that I cannot help betraying my Weakness. I am ready to receive her at your Majesty's Hands, with all the Acknowledgments imaginable.

King *Schahzaman* was surpriz'd at this Answer of the Prince's, so remote, as he thought, from the good Sense he had found in him before; therefore said to him, Son, you put me under the greatest Consternation imaginable, by what you now say to me: I swear to you by my Crown, that is to devolve upon you after me, I know not one Word of what you mention about the Lady; and if there has any such come to you, it was altogether without my Knowledge or Privy. But how could she get into this Tower without my Consent? For whatever my Grand *Vizier* told you, it was only to appease you that he said it: It must therefore be a pure Dream, and I beg of you not to believe any thing to the contrary.

Sir, reply'd the Prince, I should be for ever unworthy of the good Will of your Majesty, if I did not give entire Credit to what you are pleas'd to say; but I humbly beseech you at the same Time to give Ear to what I shall say to you, and then to judge whether what I have the Honour to tell you, be a Dream or not.

Then

Then Prince *Camaralzaman* related to the King his Father, after what Manner he had been awak'd, exaggerating the Beauty and Charms of the Lady he found by his Side, the Love he had for her at first Sight, and the Pains he took to awake her without Effect. He did not conceal what had oblig'd him to awake, and fall asleep again, after he had made the Exchange of his Ring, with that of the Lady: Shewing the King the Ring, he added, Sir, your Majesty must needs know my Ring very well, and you see I have it not on my Finger, but another of a Woman's instead of it. From this Proof, therefore, I hope you'll be pleas'd to be convinc'd that I have not lost my Senses, as you have been almost made to believe I had.

King *Schahzaman* was so perfectly convinc'd of the Truth his Son had been telling him, that he had not a Word to say, remaining astonish'd for some Time, and not being able to utter a Syllable.

The Prince took Advantage of this Opportunity, and said further, May it please your Majesty, the Passion I have conceived for this charming Lady, whose precious Image I bear continually in my Mind, is so very great, I cannot live, unless your Majesty procures me the Happiness of enjoying her, which I know you can well do, as not being ignorant who she is.

Son, reply'd the King, after what I have just heard, and what I see by the Ring on your Finger, I cannot doubt but your Passion is real for this Lady, and would to God I knew who she was, and I would make you happy from this Moment. But what Means have I
to

to come at the Knowledge of her ? Where shall I find her, and how seek for her ? How could she get in here, and by what Conveyance, without my Consent ? Why did she come to sleep only, enflame you with her Beauty, and then leave you while you were in a Slumber ? These Things, I must confess, are past my finding out ; and if Heaven is not so favourable as to give some Light into them, we I fear, must both go down to the Grave together. Come then, my Son, continu'd he, let's go and afflict ourselves in Conjunction ; you, for the Hopes you have lost, and I, for seeing you grieve, and not being in a Capacity to remedy your Affliction.

King *Schazaman* then led his Son out of the Tower, and convey'd him to the Palace, where he was no sooner arriv'd, but he fell sick, and took to his Bed, which made the King shut himself up with him, and grieve so bitterly, he was not in a Condition to take any Cognizance of the Affairs of his Kingdom.

The Prime Minister, who was the only Person had any Admittance to him, came one Day and told him, the whole Court, and even the People began to murmur at their not seeing him, and that he did not administer Justice every Day, as he was wont to do before this Accident happen'd, which, he said, he knew not what Disorders it might occasion. I humbly beg your Majesty, therefore, proceeded he, to take some Notice of what I humbly represent to you ; I am sensible your Majesty's Company is a great Comfort to the Prince in this Condition, and that his is no less asswaging to your Grief ; but then you must not run the Risque of letting all be lost.

lost. I should think it were proper to be proposed to your Majesty, that you would be pleased to suffer your self to be transported to a Castle you have in a little Island, over-against the Part where you may give Audience to your Subjects twice a Week; and where, during that Function, the Prince will be agreeably amus'd with the Beauty, Prospect, and good Air of the Place, that he will be likely to bear your Absence with the less Concern.

King *Schabzaman* approv'd this Proposal; and after the Castle, where he had not resided for some Time, had been new furnish'd, he caused himself, to be transported thither with the Prince; where, excepting the Times that he gave Audience, as aforesaid, he pass'd all his Hours on his Son's Pillow, sometimes endeavouring to comfort him, but oftner afflicting himself with him.

The Sequel of the Story of the Princess of China.

WHilst Matters pass thus in the Capital of King *Schabzaman*, the two *Genies*, *Danbasch* and *Caschcasch*, had carry'd the Princess of *China* back to the Palace, where the King her Father had shut her up, and laid her in her Bed as before.

When she awaked next Morning, and found by looking to the Right, and the Left, that Prince *Camaralzaman* was not by her, she cry'd out with such a Voice to her old Women,

men, as soon made them come to know what she wanted. Her Nurse, who presented her self first, desir'd to be inform'd what her Highness would please to have, and what had happen'd to her, that occasion'd her to call out so earnestly.

Tell me, said the Princess, what has become of the young Man that has lain with me to Night, and whom I love with all my Soul? Madam, reply'd the Nurse, we know of no such Person, and cannot pretend to understand your Highness, unless you will please to explain your self.

How do you mean explain my self, quoth the Princess? Why, I had a lovely and most amiable young Man, that slept with me last Night, whom, though I caress'd never so much, I could not awake; I only ask you where he is?

Madam, answer'd the Nurse, is it to jest and impose upon us, that your Highness asks us these Questions? I beseech your Highness you would please to rise, and you shall be satisfy'd in all Things that we are capable of satisfying you in. I am in earnest, then said the Princess, and I must know where this young Man is. Madam, insisted the Nurse, you were alone when you went to Bed last Night; and how any Man could come to you without our Knowledge I can't imagine, for we all lay about the Door of your Chamber, which was lock'd, and I had the Key in my Pocket.

At this the Princess lost all Patience, and catching her Nurse by the Hair of the Head, and giving her two or three sound Cuffs, she cry'd,

cry'd You, shall tell me where this young Man is, old Sorceress, or I'll beat your Brains out.

The Nurse struggl'd all she could to get from her, and at last she succeeded, when she went immediately, with Tears in her Eyes, and her Face all bloody, to complain to the Queen her Mother, who was not a little surpriz'd to see the old Woman in this Condition.

Madam, began the Nurse, you see what a Condition the Princess has put me in; she had certainly murder'd me, if I had not had the good Fortune to escape out of her Hands. But for what, good Nurse, reply'd the Queen? What Occasion did you give my Daughter to use you so ill? I gave her none, Madam, answer'd the Nurse; and so began to tell what had been the Cause of all that Passion and Rage in the Princess. The Queen was mightily surpriz'd to hear it, and could not guess how she came to be so infatuated, as to take that for a Reality, which could be no other than a Dream. Your Majesty must conclude from all this, Madam, continu'd the Nurse, that my Mistress, the Princess, is out of her Senses. I would beseech your Majesty therefore to go and see her, and you'll find what I say to be but too true.

The great Love the Queen bore the Princess, soon made her to comply with the Nurse's Proposal; so together they went to the Princess's Palace that very Moment.

The Sultaness *Scheherazade* would have gone on, but perceiving the Day-light appear, she defer'd what she had to say further, 'till the next Night, when she said to the Sultan,

CCXVIII Night.

SIR, the Queen of *China* sat down by her Daughter's Bed-side immediately upon her Arrival in her Apartment, and after she had inform'd herself about her Health, began to ask her, what had made her so angry with her Nurse, as to treat her after that Manner she had done, which never great Princesses had condescended to do before.

Madam, reply'd the Princess, I plainly perceive your Majesty is come to mock me, but I declare I will never let you rest, till you consent I shall marry the young Man that lay with me to Night. You must needs know where he is; and therefore I beg of your Majesty you would let him come to me again.

Daughter, answer'd the Queen, you surprize me, I know nothing of what you talk of. Then the Princess lost all Manner of Respect for the Queen, and reply'd in a great Passion; The King my Father and you have all along prosecuted me about marrying, when I had no Mind to it, and now I have a Mind, you would fain oppose me; but I must tell you, Madam, I will have this young Man I spoke of for my Husband, or I will kill my self.

Here the Queen endeavour'd to calm the Princess by soft Words: Daughter, said she, you know well you are alone in this Apartment, how then could any Man come to you? This must be meer Fancy, or a Dream; for --- Here the Princess interrupted her, and was so far from hearkening to what she said, that she flew out into such Extravagances, as oblig'd

lig'd the Queen to leave her, and retire in great Affliction, to inform her Lord in what a Condition their Daughter was.

The King hearing it; had a Mind likewise to be satisfy'd in Person, and therefore coming to his Daughter's Apartment, demanded of her, if what he had just heard was true? Sir, reply'd the Princess, let's talk no more of that; I only beseech your Majesty to grant me the Favour, that I may marry the young *Cavalier* I lay with last Night.

What! said the King, has any one lain with you last Night? How, Sir, reply'd the Princess, without giving the King Leave to go on. Do you ask me if any one lay with me last Night? Your Majesty knows that but too well. He was the finest and best made *Cavalier* the Sun ever saw: I desire him of you for my Husband by all Means, Sir, and I beg you would not refuse me: But that your Majesty may no longer doubt whether I have seen this *Cavalier*, whether he has lain with me, whether I have caress'd him, or whether I did not my utmost to awake him without succeeding, see, if you please, this Ring. She then reach'd forth her Hand, and shew'd the King a Man's Ring on her Finger. The King did not know what to make of all this; but as he had confin'd her for mad, so now he began to think her more mad than ever; therefore without saying any thing more to her, for fear she might do Violence on herself, or somebody else, he had her chain'd, and shut up more close than ever, allowing her only the Nurse to wait on her with a good Guard at the Door.

The King, exceedingly concern'd at this Indisposition of his Daughter, sought all possible Means to get her cur'd. He assembled his Council, and after having acquainted them what a Condition she was in, he proffer'd any of them that would undertake her Cure, the Succession to his Kingdom after his Death, if they succeeded in their Attempt.

The Desire of enjoying a young Princess, and the Hopes of governing one Day so powerful a Kingdom as that of *China*, had a strange Effect on that old *Emir*, already advanc'd in Age, and who was then present in Council. As he was well skill'd in *Magick*, he offer'd the King to cure his Daughter, and flatter'd himself with Success. Very well, said the King; but I forgot to tell you one thing, and that is, that if you don't succeed, you shall lose your Head. It would not be reasonable you should have so great a Reward, and yet run no Risque on your Part: And what I say to you, continu'd the King, I say to all others that shall come after you, to let them consider beforehand what they undertake.

The *Emir* however accepted the Condition, and the King led him where the Princess was. She cover'd her Face as soon as she saw them come in, and cry'd out, your Majesty surprizes me, in bringing a Man along with you I do not know, and by whom my Religion forbids me to let my self be seen. Daughter, reply'd the King, you need not be scandaliz'd, it is only one of my *Emirs* that is come to demand you of me in Marriage. It is not, I perceive, he that you have already given me, reply'd the Princess, and your Majesty may rest assur'd I'll never marry any other.

Now

Now, the *Emir* expected the Princess would have said or done some extravagant Thing, and was not a little disappointed when he heard her talk so calmly and rationally ; for he then knew her Disease was nothing but a violent Love Passion, which he was by no Means able to cure. He therefore threw himself at his Majesty's Feet, and said, after what I have heard and observ'd, Sir, it will be to no purpose for me to think of curing the Princess, since I have no Remedies proper for her Malady ; for which Reason I humbly submit my Life to your Majesty's Pleasure. The King enrag'd at his Incapacity, and the Trouble he had given him, caus'd him immediately to be beheaded.

Some few Days after, his Majesty unwilling to have it said that he had neglected his Daughter's Cure, put forth a Proclamation in his capital City, importing, That if there were any Physician, Astrologer or Magician, who would undertake to restore the Princess to her Senses, he need only come, and he should be employ'd, provided he would be willing to lose his Head if he miscarry'd. He had the same thing publish'd in the other principal Cities and Towns of his Dominions, as likewise those of the Neighbouring States.

The first that presented himself was both an Astrologer and Magician, whom the King caus'd to be conducted to the Princess's Prison by an Eunuch. The Astrologer, upon seeing his Patient, drew forth, out of a Bag he carry'd under his Arm, an *Astrolabe*, a small Sphere, a Chaffing-Dish, several sorts of Drugs proper for Fumigations, a Brass Pot, with many other Things, and desir'd he might have a Fire lighted,

The Princess demanded what all these Preparations were for? Madam, answer'd the Eunuch, they are to exorcize the evil Spirit that possesses you, and afterwards to shut him up in this Pot, and throw him into the Sea.

Foolish Astrologer, reply'd the Princess, I have no Occasion for any of your Preparations, but am in my perfect Senses, and 'tis you alone are mad. If your Art can bring him I love to me, I shall be oblig'd to you; otherwise you may go about your Business, for I have nothing to do with you. Madam, said the Astrologer, if your Case be so, I shall desist from all Endeavours, believing the King your Father can only remedy your Disaster in this Particular: So putting up his Trinkets again, he march'd away very much concern'd that he had so easily undertaken to cure an imaginary sick Person.

Coming to give an Account to the King of what he had done, he would not suffer the Eunuch to speak for him, but began thus himself; According to what your Majesty publish'd in your Proclamation, and what you are pleas'd to confirm to me yourself, I thought the Princess was distracted, and therefore had provided all I believ'd necessary to restore her to her Senses, pursuant to the *Nostrums* I have; but to my great Amazement, when I came to behold her, I found she had no other Disease but that of Love, over which the utmost Extremity of my Art had no Power: Your Majesty then may be pleas'd to consider, that you alone are the Physician can cure her, by giving her the Person in Marriage whom she desires.

The King, upon hearing this, was very much enrag'd at the Astrologer, and had his Head cut off upon the Spot. Now, not to fatigue your Majesty with long Repetitions, proceeded *Scheberazade* to the *Sultan*, I will acquaint you in few Words, that so many Astrologers, Physicians, Magicians, and the like, came upon this Account, that they in all amounted to above fifty, who nevertheless all underwent the same Fate; and their Heads were set upon Poles on every Gate of the City.

The Story of Marzavan, with the Sequel of that of Prince of Camaralzaman.

THE Princess of *China's* Nurse, proceeded the *Sultaneſs*, had a Son whose Name was *Marzavan*, and who had been Foster-Brother to the Princess. Their Friendship was so great during their Childhood, that they call'd each other Brother and Sister, which even continu'd some time after their Separation.

This *Marzavan*, among other Studies, had from his Youth been much addicted to Judicial Astrology, Geomancy, and the like secret Arts, wherein he became exceeding skilful. Not content with what he had learn'd from Masters, he travell'd, and there was hardly any Person of Note in any Science but he knew him; so great was his Thirst after Knowledge.

After several Years Absence in Foreign Parts, on this Account, he return'd to the capital City of his native Country *China*, where seeing so many Heads on the Gate by which he enter'd, he was exceedingly surpriz'd; and coming to his Lodging, demanded for what Reason they had been plac'd there; but more especially he inform'd himself of the Condition of the Princess his Foster-Sister, whom he had forgot. As he could not be made acquainted with one, without having an Account of the other, he, for the present, satisfy'd himself with what he heard, 'till such Time as he could learn more from his Mother, the Princess's Nurse.

Here *Scheherazade* left off, seeing the Day appear, but resum'd her Discourse the Night following, thus;

CCXIX Night.

SIR, said the Sultaneß, although the Nurse, Mother to *Marzavan*, was very much employ'd about the Princess, yet she no sooner heard her dear Son was return'd, but she found Time to come and embrace, and stay with him a little. Having told him, with Tears in her Eyes, what a sad Condition the Princess was in, and for what Reason the King her Father had confin'd her; he desir'd to know of his Mother, if she could not procure him the Sight of her Royal Mistress, without the King's knowing any thing of it. After some Pause, she told him she could say nothing to the Matter for the Present, but if he would meet

meet her next Day at the same Hour, she would give him her Answer.

Now the Nurse knowing none could approach the Princess but herself, without Leave of the Eunuch, who commanded the Guard at the Gate, she address'd herself to him, who she believ'd was ignorant of what had formerly pass'd at the Court of *China*; You know, said she, I have brought up and suckled the Princess, and may likewise have heard, that I had a Daughter whom I brought up along with her. Now this Daughter has been since marry'd, yet the Princess still does her the Honour to remember her, and would fain see her, but she would do it without any body's perceiving her coming in or out.

The Nurse would have gone on, but the Eunuch cry'd, Say no more, it is sufficient, I will do any thing to oblige the Princess; do you go and fetch your Daughter, or send for her about Midnight, and the Gate shall be open to you.

As soon as Night came, Nurse went to look for her Son *Marzavan*, and having found him, dress'd him so artificially in Woman's Cloaths, that no body could know he was a Man. She carry'd him along with her; and the Eunuch, verily believing it was a Woman, admitted them without any more ado.

Nurse, before she thought fit to present *Marzavan*, went to the Princess, and said, Madam, This is not a Woman I have brought to you, it is my Son *Marzavan*, newly arriv'd from his Travels, who having a great desire to kiss your Hand; I hope your Highness will admit him to that Honour?

What? My Brother *Marzavan*, said the Princess, with a great deal of Joy; come hither, my Dear, cry'd she, and take off that Veil; for 'tis not unreasonable sure, that a Brother and Sister should see each other barefac'd.

Marzavan saluted her with profound Respect, when she, without giving him Leave to speak, cry'd out; I am rejoyc'd to see you return'd in good Health, after so many Years Absence, and without sending the least Account all the while of your Welfare to your good Mother.

Madam, reply'd *Marzavan*, I am infinitely oblig'd to your Highness for your Goodness, in rejoycing at my Health; I also no sooner landed in my native Country, but I enquir'd after yours, and heard what to my great Affliction I am now Witness of; nevertheless, I cannot but rejoice, that I am come seasonably enough to bring your Highness that Remedy for your Cure, which so many others have fail'd of; and though I should reap no other Fruit of my long Voyage, yet should I think my self considerably recompens'd for my great Charge and Hazard by that one Happiness.

Speaking these Words, *Marzavan* drew forth a Book, and other Things out of his Pocket, which he judg'd necessary to be us'd, according to the Relation he had had from his Mother of the Princess's Distemper. The Princess seeing him make all these Preparations, cry'd out! What! Brother, are you then one of those that believe me mad? Undeceive your self, and hearken to what I shall say to you.

The Princess then began to relate to *Marzavan* all the Particulars of her Story, without omitting the least Circumstance even to the Ring which was exchange'd for hers, and which she shew'd him. I have not conceal'd the least Matter from you, quoth she; yet 'tis true, there is something that I can't comprehend, which has given Occasion for some Persons to think me mad; but as for the rest, I assure you, it is literally as I tell you.

After the Princess had done speaking, *Marzavan*, fill'd with Wonder and Astonishment, continu'd for some Time with his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, without speaking a Word; but at length he found his Tongue, and having lifted up his Head, said; If it be so as your Highness says, and which I do not in the least doubt, I question not to procure you that Satisfaction you desire; but I must first entreat your Highness to arm yourself with Patience, till such Time as I shall return; for I am resolv'd to set out once more in quest of this Person, and at my coming back, you may expect to have him you love not far from you. So saying, *Marzavan* took leave of the Princess, and set out next Morning on his intended Voyage.

He travell'd from City to City, from Province to Province, and from Island to Island, and in every Place he pass'd thro' he could hear of nothing but the Princess *Badoura*, (so was the Princess of *China's* Name) and her History.

About four Months after, our Traveller arriv'd at *Torf*, a Sea-port Town, both great and populous, where he no more heard of

the Princess *Badoura*, but all the Talk was of Prince *Camaralzaman*, who was sick, and whose History was very like that of the Princess. *Marzavan* was extremely fond to hear this, and inform'd himself of the Place where the Prince was to be found, to which one might go either by Land and Sea, or by Sea only, which last was the shortest Way.

Marzavan chose the latter; so embarking on board a Merchant-Ship, he arriv'd safe in Sight of King *Sebahzaman*'s Capital; but entering the Port, his Ship happen'd to strike against a Rock, whereby being founder'd, it sunk downright, in Sight of Prince *Camaralzaman*'s Castle, where was at that Time the King and his Grand *Vizier*.

Marzavan could swim very well, therefore immediately cast himself into the Sea upon the Ship's sinking, and got safe on Shore under the Castle, where he was soon reliev'd by the Grand *Vizier*'s Order. After he had chang'd his Cloaths, and been well treated, he was introduc'd to the Grand *Vizier*, who had sent for him.

Now *Marzavan* being a young Man of good Address, and a good Air; this Minister was very civil to him, especially when he heard him give such just and pertinent Answers to what was ask'd of him: He also perceiv'd he was learned, therefore said to him; For what I can understand, you have travell'd a great Way, and must needs have acquir'd much Knowledge; but would to God you had learn'd any Secret for curing a certain Malady which has greatly afflicted this Court for a long while.

Mar-

Marzavan reply'd, If he knew what Malady that was, he might perhaps have found a Remedy for it.

Then the Grand *Vizier* related to him the whole Story of Prince *Camaralzamen*, taking it from its Origin, and concealing nothing of his desir'd Birth, his Education, the Inclination the King his Father had to see him early marry'd, his Aversion to Marriage, his disobeying his Father in full Council, his Imprisonment, his pretended Extravagances in Prison, which, he said, were afterwards chang'd into a violent Passion for a certain unknown Lady, who, he pretended, had exchange'd a Ring with him, though, for his Part, he verily believ'd there was no such Person in the World.

Marzavan gave great Attention to all the Grand *Vizier* said, and was infinitely rejoyc'd to find that by Means of his Shipwreck, he had so fortunately light on the Person he was looking after. He saw no reason to doubt, but Prince *Camaralzaman* was the Man the Princess of *China* was in love with; therefore, without discovering any thing farther to the *Vizier*, he desir'd to see him, whereby, he said, he might be better able to judge of his Distemper. Follow me then, said the Grand *Vizier*, and you'll find the King with him, who has already desir'd I should introduce you to him.

The first Thing that startl'd *Marzavan* at his Entrance into the Prince's Chamber, was to find him upon his Bed languishing, and with his Eyes shut. Although he saw him in that Condition; and although the King his Father was sitting by him, he could not help

crying out, Heavens ! was there ever any greater Resemblance than this ! He meant in their Faces ; for it seems the Princess and Prince were much alike.

These Words of *Marzavan* excited the Prince's Curiosity so far, that he vouchsafed to open his Eyes, and look upon him. *Marzavan*, who had a great deal of Wit, laid hold of that Opportunity, and made his Compliment in Verse, *Extempore*, which nevertheless he did in such a disguis'd Manner, that neither the King nor Grand *Vizier* understood any thing of the Matter. However, he represented so nicely what had happen'd to the Princess of *China*, that the Prince had no room to doubt but he knew her, and could give him Tidings of her. This made him so joyful, that the Effects of it plentifully shew'd themselves in his Eyes and Looks.

The Sultanness had not Time to proceed any farther that Night, but next Night went on with her Story, as follows.

CCXX Night.

SIR, said she to the Sultan, after *Marzavan* had finish'd his Compliment in Verse, which surpriz'd Prince *Camaralzaman* so agreeably, his Highness took the Liberty to make a Sign to the King his Father, to go from the Place where he was, and let *Marzavan* sit by him.

The King o'er-joy'd at this Alteration, which gave him Hopes of his Son's speedy Recovery, quitted his Place, and taking *Marzavan* by the Hand, led him to it, obliging him to sit in

in it. Then his Majesty demanded of him who he was, and whence he came ? and upon *Marzavan's* answering he was a Subject of *China*, and came from that Kingdom, the King cry'd out, Heaven grant you may be able to withdraw my Son from this profound Melancholy, and I shall have eternal Obligations to you, which I will do my utmost to gratify beyond what was ever done. Having said thus, he left the Prince to entertain himself with the Stranger, whilst he went and rejoyc'd with the Grand *Vizier* upon this happy Rencounter.

Marzavan leaning down to the Prince, spoke low in his Ear thus : My Lord, said he, It is high Time your Highness should cease to grieve. The Lady, on whose account you lament so bitterly I know ; it is the Princess *Badoura*, Daughter of *Gaiour*, King of *China*. This I can assure your Highness, both on Account of what she has told me of her Adventure, and what I have learn'd of yours. You may also depend upon it, that she has undergone no less on your Account, than you have done on hers. Here he began to relate all that he knew of the Princess from the fatal Time of their Interview, after that extraordinary Manner.

He omitted not to acquaint him, how those had fail'd who had fail'd in their Pretences to cure the Princess of her Indisposition. But your Highness is the only Person, added he, that can cure her effectually ; and therefore it were no Matter how soon you set about it. However, before you undertake so great a Voyage, I would have you perfectly recover'd, and then we'll take such Measures as are necessary.

This Discourse had a marvellous Effect on the Prince. He found so great Benefit by it, thro'

thro' the Hopes he conceiv'd of speedily fulfilling his Desires, that he had Strength sufficient to rise, and accordingly begg'd Leave of his Father to dress himself before him, with such an Air, as gave the old King incredible Satisfaction.

King *Schahzaman* immediately fell embracing *Marzavan*, without enquiring into the Means that had wrought this wonderful Effect, and soon after went out of the Prince's Chamber with the Grand *Vizier*, to publish this agreeable News to his People. He on this Occasion order'd publick Rejoycings for several Days together, and moreover gave great Largesses to his Officers, Alms to the Poor, and caus'd the Prisoners to be set at Liberty throughout his Kingdom. Every City resounded with Joy, and every Corner of his Dominions felt the Effect of his Bounty.

Prince *Camaralzaman*, tho' he had been extremely weaken'd by almost continual Watchings and Abstinence, yet contrary to all Expectation, soon recover'd his impair'd Health. When he found himself in a Condition to undertake the Voyage, he took *Marzavan* aside, and said, Dear *Marzavan*, It is now time to perform the Promise you have made me. I burn with Impatience to see the charming Princess, and if you do not speedily give me an Opportunity to put an End to her Torments and my own, by setting out on our Journey, I shall soon relapse into my former Condition, and then perhaps you may not find it so easy to cure me, as you have now done. But one Thing still afflicts me, continued he, and that is the Difficulty I shall meet with in getting Leave of my Father to go. You see he scarce ever leaves
me,

me, therefore if you don't assist me in this Particular I am undone.

At these Words the Prince fell a weeping, and would not be comforted till *Marzavan* said, Let not your Highness be griev'd at that, for I'll warrant I'll get you your Liberty, so that he shan't stop us. My principal Design in this Voyage was to deliver the Princess of *China*, my Mistress, from her Grief, and I should fail in my Duty to her, if I did not do my best Endeavour to effect it. This is then the Means I have contriv'd to obtain your Liberty : You have not stirr'd abroad for some time, therefore let the King your Father understand you have a Mind to take the Air, and, if he pleases, to go and hunt two or three Days with me. No doubt he will grant your Request ; which, when he has done, order two good Horses to be got ready in a certain Place, and leave the rest to me.

Next Day Prince *Camaralzaman* did as he had been advis'd. He acquainted the King he was desirous to take the Air, and, if he pleas'd, wou'd go and hunt two or three Days with *Marzavan*. The King gave his Consent, but bid him be sure not to lie out above one Night, since too much Exercise might injure his Health, and too long Absence create his Majesty some Uneasiness. He then order'd him the best Horses in his Stable, and took particular Care that nothing should be wanting for his Diversion. When all was ready, his Majesty embrac'd the Prince, and having recommended to *Marzavan* the Care of him, he left them.

Prince *Camaralzaman* and *Marzavan* were soon mounted, when to amuse the two Grooms that led the fresh Horses, they made as if they would

would hunt, and so got as far off the City, and out of the Road, as was possible. When Night began to approach, they alighted at a *Caravansera*, or Inn, where they sup'd and slept till about Midnight, when *Marzavan* awak'd the Prince without awaking the Grooms, and desir'd his Highness to let him have his Suit, and to take another for himself, which was brought in his Sempster. Thus equipp'd, they mounted the fresh Horses, and after *Marzavan* had taken one of the Groom's Horses by the Bridle, they set out a good round Pace.

At Day-break they were got into a Forest, where coming to the Meeting of four Roads, *Marzavan* went aside, and desir'd the Prince to wait for him a little. He then cut the Groom's Horse's Throat, and after having torn the Prince's Suit he had on, besmearing it with Blood, he threw it into the High-way.

The Prince demanded his Reason for what he had done. He told his Highness, he was sure the King his Father would no sooner come to know that he was departed without the Grooms, but he would suspect something, and immediately send in Quest of them. Now, said *Marzavan*, to the End that when they come to this Place they may stop, and think you devour'd by wild Beasts, I have done this, so that by this Means we may have Leisure to continue our Journey without Fear of Pursuit. I must needs confess, continu'd *Marzavan*, this is a violent Way of Proceeding, to alarm an old Father with the Death of his Son, whom he loves so passionately : But then on the other Hand, the News of your Welfare, which he may soon have, will in a great Measure alleviate his Grief, and make some Amends for your Absence.

Brave

Brave *Marzavan*, reply'd the Prince, I cannot sufficiently admire your Conduct, and I have all the Obligations in the World to you for it.

This said, the Prince and *Marzavan*, well provided with Cash for their Expences, continu'd their Journey both by Land and Sea, and found no other Obstacle but the Length of the Way, which they were forc'd to undergo. They, however, arriv'd at length at the Capital of *China*, where *Marzavan*, instead of going to his Lodging, carry'd the Prince to a publick Inn. They tarry'd there *incognito* three Days to rest themselves, during which Time *Marzavan* caus'd an Astrologer's Habit to be made for the Prince. The three Days being expir'd, they went together to the *Bagnio*, the Prince putting on his Astrologer's Habit, and from thence *Marzavan* conducted him in Sight of the King of *China*'s Palace, where he left him, to go and acquaint his Mother, the Princess *Badoura*'s Nurse, of his Arrival, to the End she might give the like Information to the Princess her Mistress.

The Sultane's *Scheherazade* had scarce utter'd these Words, but she observ'd the Day to appear, which made her leave off, but she began again the Night following, and said,

CCXXI Night.

S I R, Prince *Camaralzaman*, instructed by *Marzavan*, what he was to do, and provided with all he wanted as an Astrologer, came next Morning to the Gate of the King's Palace, and cry'd aloud, I am an Astrologer, and am come to effect a Cure on the most beautiful

tiful Princess *Badoura*, Daughter of the most high and mighty Monarch, *Gaiour*, King of *China*, on the Conditions proposed by his Majesty, to marry her if I succeed, or else to lose my Life for my fruitless and presumptuous Attempt.

Over and above the Guards and Porters at the Gate, this Novelty drew together a great Number of People about Prince *Camaralzaman*. There had no Physician, Astrologer, nor Magician, appear'd for a long Time on this Account, deterr'd by the many tragical Examples of ill Success that appear'd before their Eyes; 'twas therefore thought there were either no more of these Professions in the World, or at least that there were no more so mad as those that had gone before them.

The Prince's good Mein, noble Air, and blooming Youth, made every Body pity him that saw him. What d'ye mean, Sir, said some that were nearest to him, to expose thus your Life, that promises so much, to a certain Death? Can't the Heads you see on all the Gates of this City deter you from such an Undertaking? In the Name of God, consider what you do! and abandon this rash Attempt.

The Prince continu'd firm, notwithstanding the Remonstrances made to him; and as he saw no body come to introduce him, he repeated the same Cry with a Voice that made every Body tremble. They all then cry'd, Let him alone, he's resolv'd to die; God have Mercy upon his Soul. He then proceeded to cry out a third Time in the same Manner, when the Grand *Vizier* came in Person, and introduc'd him to the King of *China*.

As soon as the Prince came into the King's Presence, he bowed and kissed the Floor. The King who, of all that had hitherto expos'd their Lives on this Occasion, had not seen one worthy to cast his Eyes upon before, had now a real Compassion for Prince *Camaralzaman*, on Account of the Danger he was about to undergo. But as he saw him more deserving than ordinary, he did him more Honour, and made him come and sit by him. Young Man, said he, I can hardly believe you at this Age can have acquir'd Experience enough to enable you to cure my Daughter. I will give her to you with all my Heart on that Account; nay, more willingly than I should have done to others, that have offer'd themselves before you; but then I must declare to you at the same Time, with a great deal of Concern, that if you don't succeed in your Attempt, notwithstanding your noble Appearance, and exceeding beautiful Youth, you must lose your Head.

Sir, reply'd the Prince, I have infinite Obligations to your Majesty for the Honour you design me, tho' a Stranger; but I desire your Majesty to believe I would not have come from so remote a Country, as I have done, and which perhaps may be unknown in your Dominions; if I had not been certain of the Cure I propose. What might not be said of my Inconstancy of Temper, if after so great Fatigues and Dangers as I have undergone on this Account, I should abandon the generous Enterprize I had engag'd in? Even your Majesty would soon lose that Respect you have done me the Honour to shew me, if I appear'd so dastardly and mean spirited. I beseech your Majesty therefore to let me no longer delay the Experiment

I am certain of, but to give me Leave to display the utmost of my Art, which I doubt not will be to your Majesty's Satisfaction, as well as my great Happiness.

Then the King commanded the Eunuch, who had the Guard of the Princess, to introduce Prince *Camaralzaman* into her Apartment : But before he would let him go, he was so kind as to remember him once more of the Hazard he underwent ; yet the Prince seem'd resolv'd ; so the King suffer'd him to follow the Eunuch.

When they came to a long Gallery, at the End of which was the Princess's Apartment : The Prince thro' Impatience to see once more the Object of his Vows, who had occasion'd him so much Grief, got before the Eunuch, walking as fast as he could walk.

The Eunuch redoubling his Pace, with much ado got up with him, when taking him by the Arm, he cry'd, Whither away so fast, Sir ? You can't get in without me ; and it should seem you have a great Desire for Death, that can run to it so head-long. Never any of all those many Astrologers and Magicians I have introduc'd before, made such Haste as yourself, to a Place whither I fear you'll come but too soon.

Friend, reply'd the Prince, continuing his Pace, and looking earnestly on the Eunuch, This was because never any of your Astrologers or Magicians before me, were so sure of their Art as I am : They were certain indeed they should die, if they did not succeed, but they had no Certainty, at the same Time, of their Success, as I have : On this Account, they had Reason to tremble at approaching the Place
whither

whither I go, and where I am sure to find my Happiness. He had just spoke these Words, as he was at the Door: The Eunuch open'd it, and introduc'd him into a great Hall, whence there was an Entrance into the Princess's Chamber, divided from it only by a Piece of Tapestry.

Prince *Camaralzaman* speaking more softly to the Eunuch, ask'd him before he enter'd, whether he would choose that he should cure the Princess in his Presence, or where he was, without going any further, telling him in the same soft Tone, that no body might hear him in the Princess's Chamber, he made him that frank Offer, to shew him 'twas not presumptuous Caprice, nor Heat of Youth, which put him upon the Enterprize.

The Eunuch was very much amaz'd to hear the Prince talk to him with such Assurance: He left off insulting him, and said seriously to him, 'Tis no Matter whether you do it here or there, provided the Business is done: Cure her how you will, you will get immortal Honour by it, not only in this Court, but over all the World.

The Prince reply'd, 'Twill be best then to cure her without seeing her, that you may be Witness of my Skill; though I cannot without Impatience put off my seeing a Princess of her Rank, who's to be my Wife; yet, out of Respect to you, I will deprive my self of that Pleasure for a little while. He was furnish'd with every Thing proper for an Astrologer to carry about him; and taking Pen, Ink and Paper, out of his Pocket, wrote this Billet to the Princess.

Prince

*Prince Camaralzaman to the Princess
of China.*

Adorable Princess!

THE love-sick Prince *Camaralzaman* will not trouble you with the Pains that he has endur'd, ever since that fatal Night, in which your Charms depriv'd him of that Liberty, which he resolv'd to preserve as long as he liv'd; he only tells you, that he devoted his Heart to you, in your charming Slumbers: Those Slumbers that hinder'd him from beholding the Brightness of your piercing Eyes, in Spight of all his Endeavours to oblige you to open them. He presum'd to present you with his Ring as a Token of his Passion; and in Exchange would be proud to receive yours, which he encloses in this Billet. If you will condescend to return it, as a reciprocal Assurance of your Love, he will reckon himself the happiest of all Lovers: If not, the Sentence of Death, which your Refusal brings him, will be receiv'd with the more Resignation, because he dies for Love of you. He waits in your Antichamber for your Answer.

When the Prince had finish'd his Billet, he made it up, and enclos'd it with the Ring in a little Packet, without letting the Eunuch see what he did. When he had seal'd it, he gave it to him: There, Friend, says he, carry it to your Mistress; if it does not cure her as soon as she reads it, and sees what is inclos'd in it, I give you Leave to tell every Body, that I am the most ignorant and impudent Astrologer that ever was, is, or ever will be.

Scheherazade was hinder'd from going on with her Story by the dawning Day; but the next Night she continu'd it, and spoke thus to the Sultan of the *Indies*.

CCXXI Night.

SIR, The Eunuch entering the Princess of *China*'s Chamber, gave her the Packet he receiv'd from Prince *Camaralzaman*. Madam, says he, the boldest Astrologer that ever liv'd, if I am not mistaken, is arriv'd here, and pretends, that on reading of this Letter, and seeing what is in it, you will be cur'd; I wish he may prove neither a Liar or Impostor.

The Princess *Badoura* took the Billet, and open'd it with a great deal of Indifference; but when she saw the Ring, she had not Patience to read it through: She rose hastily, broke the Chain that held her down with struggling, ran and open'd the Door. She knew the Prince as soon as she saw him, and he her: They presently embrac'd each other, with all imaginable Tenderness, and without being able to say a Word for Excess of Joy: They look'd on one another, admiring how they met again after their first Interview. The Princess's Nurse, who ran to the Door with her, made them come into her Chamber, where the Princess *Badoura* gave the Prince her Ring, saying, Take it, I cannot fairly keep it without restoring yours, which I will never part with; neither yours nor mine can be in better Hands.

The Eunuch went immediately to the King, to tell him what had happen'd; Sir, says he, all the Astrologers and Doctors, who have hitherto

therto pretended to cure the Princess, are a Company of Fools, in Comparison of him who came last. He made use neither of Schemes nor Conjurations of Perfumes, or any Thing else, but cur'd her without seeing her. Then he told the King how he did it: The Monarch was agreeably surpriz'd at the News, and going presently to the Princess's Chamber, embrac'd her; and then the King took his Hand and join'd it to the Princess's. Happy Stranger, says the King, I will keep my Word, and give you my Daughter to be your Wife; though by what I see in you, 'tis impossible for me to believe you are really what you wou'd appear, and have me believe you to be.

Prince *Camaralzaman* thank'd the King in the most humble Expressions, that he might the better shew his Gratitude. As for my Person, said he, I must own I am not an Astrologer, as your Majesty very judiciously guess'd, I only put on the Habit of one, that I might succeed the more easily in my Ambition to be ally'd to the most Potent Monarch in the World. I was born a Prince, am the Son of a King, and of a Queen, my Name is *Camaralzaman*, my Father's *Schahzaman*, who reigns over the Islands that are well enough known by the Name of the Isles of the Children of *Khaledan*. He then told him the Adventures of his Life, and how wonderful was the Rise of his Love. That the Princess's was altogether as marvellous, and were both confirm'd by the Exchange of two Rings.

When the Prince had done speaking, the King said to him, This History is so extraordinary, it deserves to be known to Posterity; an Account shall be taken of it, and the Original being

being deposited in my Royal *Archives*, I will spread Copies of it abroad, that my own Kingdoms, and the Kingdoms around me, may know it.

The Marriage was solemniz'd the same Day, and the Rejoicings for it were universal all over the Empire of *China*. Nor was *Marzavan* forgotten: The King gave him an honourable Post in his Court immediately, and a Promise to advance him higher afterwards.

Prince *Camaralzaman*, and the Princess *Badoura* enjoy'd the fullness of their Wishes in the Sweets of Marriage; and the King kept continual Feastings for several Months, to shew his Joy on this Occasion.

In the midst of these Pleasures, Prince *Camaralzaman* dreamt one Night that he saw his Father *Schahzaman* on his Death bed ready to give up the Ghost, and heard him speak thus to his Attendants, My Son, whom I so tenderly lov'd, my Son, whom I bred with so much Fondness, so much Care, has abandon'd me, and is himself the Cause of my Death. He awoke, and sigh'd; his Sighs awoke the Princess, who ask'd him the Reason of them.

Alas! My Love, cry'd the Prince, perhaps in the very Moment that I am speaking it, my Father is no more. He then acquainted her with his melancholy Dream, and why that sad Thought came into his Head. The Princess, who study'd to please him in every Thing, presently contriv'd a Way to do it, and fearing that he would take less Delight in her Company, if he was kept from seeing his Father, went to her own Father that very Day, and finding him alone, kiss'd his Hand, and thus address'd herself to him; Sir, I have a
Favour

Favour to beg of your Majesty; and I beseech you not to deny me; but that you may not believe I am put upon it by the Prince my Husband, I assure you before-hand he knows nothing of my asking it of you: 'Tis, that you will give Leave for me to go and see King *Schabzaman*, my Father-in-Law.

The King reply'd, Daughter, tho' I shall be very sorry to lose your Company, and part with you for so long a Time, as a Journey to a Place so distant will take up; yet I cannot disapprove of your Resolution: 'Tis worthy of yourself; Go Child, I give you Leave, but on Condition that you stay no longer than a Year in King *Schabzaman's* Court. I hope the King will be willing to come to this Agreement with me, that we, in our Turns, may see, he, his Son, and Daughter-in-Law; and I, my Daughter, and my Son-in-Law.

The Princess communicated the King of *China's* Consent to Prince *Camaralzaman*, who was transported to hear it, and gave her a thousand Thanks for this new Token of her Love.

The King of *China* commanded Preparations to be made for the Journey, and when all Things were ready, he accompany'd the Prince and Princess several Leagues in their Way; when they came to part, great was the Weeping on all Sides; the King embrac'd them, and desir'd the Prince to be kind to his Daughter, and to love her always with the same Passion he now lov'd her; so he left them to go forward in their Journey, and to divert himself, hunted all the Way as he return'd to his Capital City.

When Prince *Camaralzaman* and the Princess *Badoura* had dry'd up their Tears, and given over Mourning for their parting with the King of *China*, they comforted themselves with the Thoughts, how glad King *Schahzaman* would be to see them, and how they should rejoyce to see the King.

They travelled about Month incessantly, and at last came to a large Field, planted with tall Trees at convenient Distances, under whose Shade they went on very pleasantly: The Weather being very hot, and that Day hotter than ordinary, *Camaralzaman* thought it best to stay there during the Heat, and propos'd it to *Badoura*, who wishing for the very same Thing, readily consented to it. They alighted in one of the most agreeable Places of the Grove, a Tent was presently set up; the Princess rising from the Shade, under which she sat down, enter'd it, and the Prince order'd his Servants to pitch their Tents also, while they stayed there, and went himself to give them Directions how to do it. The Princess being weary with the Fatigues of the Journey, bad her Women untie her Girdle, which they laid down by her; and she falling asleep, her Attendance left her by her self.

Prince *Camaralzaman* having seen all Things in Order, came to the Tent where the Princess was sleeping; he enter'd, and sat down without making any Noise, intending to take a Nap himself; but observing the Princess's Girdle lying by her, he took it up, and looked upon the Diamonds and Rubies one by one: In doing it he saw a little Purse hanging to it, ty'd fast with a Ribbon; he felt it, and found there was something in it: Being desirous to

F

know

know what it was, he open'd the Purse, and took out a *Cornelian*, engraven with unknown Figures and Characters. This *Cornelian*, says the Prince to himself, must have something extraordinary in it, my Princess wou'd not be at the Trouble to carry it with her : And indeed 'twas *Badoura's Talisman*, or a Scheme of her Nativity, drawn from the Constellations of Heaven, which the Queen of *China* had given her Daughter as a Charm, that would keep her from any Harm as long as she had it about her.

The Prince, to see what the Talisman was, took it out to the Light, the Tent being dark; and while he was holding it up in his Hand, a Bird darted down from the Air, and snatch'd it away from him.

The Day breaking, the Sultaneſs, *Scheherazade*, ſaid no more, leaving the Continuation of the Story to the following Night, when ſhe went on thus.

CCXXIII Night.

YOUR Majesty will eaſily conceive the Concern and Grief of Prince *Camaralzaman*, when he ſaw the Bird fly away with the Talisman. * He was more troubled at it than Words can expreſs, and curſt his unſeaſonable Curioſity, by which Means he had loſt a Treafure that was ſo precious, and ſo valu'd by his dear Princess.

* *There's an Adventure like this in the Romance of Peter of Provence, and the fair Maguelonna, which was taken from the Arabick.*

*The Story of Prince Camaralzaman's
Separation from the Princess Badoura.*

THE Bird having got her Prize, pitch'd up-
on the Ground not far off, with the Ta-
lisman in her Mouth; the Prince drew near
it, in Hopes she would drop it; but as he ap-
proached, the Bird took Wing, and pitch'd a-
gain on the Ground farther off; *Camaralza-*
man follow'd her, and the Bird having swal-
low'd the Talisman, took a small Flight farther
off still: The Prince being very dexterous at a
Mark, thought to kill her with a Stone, and still
followed her; the farther she flew, the more ea-
ger he grew in pursuing her, keeping her al-
ways in View. Thus the Bird drew him along
from Hill to Valley, and Valley to Hill, all
Day, every Step leading him out of the Way
from the Field where he left his Camp, and
the Princess *Badoura*: And instead of perch-
ing at Night on a Bush, where he might pro-
bably have taken her, she roosted on a high
Tree, safe from his Pursuit. The Prince vex-
ing himself to the Heart, from taking so much
Pains to no Purpose, thought of returning to
the Camp; but alas! he thought of it too late:
Whither shall he go? which Way return? How
will he find out the untractable Way of the
Mountains, and the untrodden Paths of the
Valleys? Darkness spread over the Heavens,
and Night, and the Fatigues of his Day's La-
bour, would not suffer him to undertake so
soon to return the Way he came, were there
any Hopes of his finding it. Ah! quoth the
despairing Lover, if I knew which Way to
return,

return, how durst I appear before my Princess, without her *Talisman*? Overwhelm'd with such afflicting Thoughts, and tir'd with his Pursuit of the Bird, Sleep came upon him, and he lay down under a Tree, where he past the Night.

He awoke the next Morning before the Bird had left the Tree, and as soon as he saw her on the Wing, follow'd her again that whole Day, with no better Success than he had done the last, eating nothing but Herbs or Fruits all the Way as he went; he did the same for ten Days together, pursuing the Bird, and keeping her in his Eye from Morning to Night, lying always under the Tree where she roosted. On the eleventh Day, the Bird still flying, and *Camaralzaman* observing her, he came near a great City; the Bird made to it, flew over the Walls, and the Prince saw no more of her; so he despair'd of ever recovering the Princess *Badoura's* *Talisman*.

Camaralzaman, whose Grief was beyond Expression, went to the City, which was built on the Sea-side, and had a fine Port; he walk'd up and down the Streets, without knowing where he was, or where to stop; at last he came to the Port, in as great Uncertainty as ever, what he should do; walking along the River-side, he perceiv'd the Gate of a Garden open, and an old Gardener at work in it; the good Man looking up, saw he was a Stranger and a Mussulman; so he ask'd him to come in, and shut the Door after him.

Camaralzaman enter'd, and, as the Gardener bad him, shut the Door, demanding of the Gardener why he was so cautious; because, re-
ply'd

ply'd the old Man, I see you are a Stranger, and a Mussulman newly arriv'd; and this City is inhabited for the most part by *Idolaters*, who have a mortal Aversion to us Mussulmen, and use those few of us that are here with a great deal of Barbarity. I suppose you did not know this, and 'tis a Miracle that you have escap'd as you have done, considering how far you have come thro' them. These Idolaters being very apt to fall upon Mussulmen that are Strangers, or to draw them into a Snare, unless those Strangers are instructed how to deal with, and beware of them.

Camaralzaman thank'd the honest Gardener for his Advice, and the Security he offer'd him in his House; he would have said more, but the good Man interrupted him; saying, Let us leave complementing, you are weary and want to refresh your self. Come in, eat what we have, and lie down to rest, you are very welcome. He conducted him into his little Hutt, clean, tho' small, and well defended from the Injuries of the Weather. He order'd the best Provisions he had to be brought forth, and entertain'd the Prince so heartily, that he was charm'd with it, and at his Request told him how he came there.

When he had ended his Story, without hiding any part of it from him, he ask'd him which was his nearest Way to his Father's Territories; for 'tis in vain for me to think of finding my Princess where I left her, having been wandering eleven Days, as I have been, from that Place. Ah! continues he, how do I know she is alive! and saying this, burst out into Tears, that would have melted the most cruel of the Idolaters. The Gardener reply'd, there was no Possibility of his going thither by

Land, the Ways were so difficult, and the Journey so long ; besides, there was no manner of Convenience for his subsisting ; or if there were, he must necessarily pass through the Countries of many barbarous Nations, that he would never reach his Father's. That the quickest Passage for him would be to go to the Isle of *Ebene*, whence he might easily transport himself to the Isles of the Children of *Khaledan* ; that there was a Ship which sail'd from the Port where he was, every Year to *Ebene*, and he might take that Opportunity of returning to those Islands. The Ship departed, said he, but a few Days ago, and 'twill be almost a Year before it makes the Voyage again ; if you will accept of my House for your Habitation so long, you will be as welcome to it as to your own.

Prince *Camaralzaman* was glad he had met with such an *Asylum*, in a Place where he had no Knowledge of any, nor any Man of him, and where no body could think it their Interest to entertain or preserve him. He accepted of the Offer, and liv'd with the Gardiner 'till the Time came that the Ship was to sail to the Isle of *Ebene*. He spent his Time all Day in working in the Garden, and all Night in thinking of his dear Princess *Badoura*, in Sighs, Tears, and Complaints. We must leave him in this Place awhile, to return to the Princess, whom we left asleep in her Tent.

*The Story of the Princess Badoura,
after her Separation from Prince
Camaralzaman.*

THE Princess slept a long Time, and when she awoke, wonder'd that Prince *Camaralzaman* was not with her; she call'd her Women, and ask'd 'em if they knew where he was gone: They told her they saw him enter the Tent, but did not see him go out again. While they were talking to her, she spy'd her Girdle, saw it had been meddled with, and examining, found the little Purse open, and that the Talisman was lost. She did not doubt but *Camaralzaman* had taken it to see what it was, and that he would bring it back with him. She waited for him impatiently till Night, and could not imagine what made him stay away from her so long.

When 'twas quite dark, and she could hear nothing of him, she fell into a violent Passion of Grief; she curs'd the Talisman, and he that made it, and had not she been restrain'd by her Duty, would have curst her Mother who gave it her. She was the more troubled, because she could not imagine how her Talisman shou'd have caus'd the Prince's Separation from her; however, amidst all her Sorrow, she retain'd her Judgment, and came to a courageous Resolution, not common with Persons of her Sex.

She and her Women only knew of the Prince's being gone, for his Men were then asleep, or refreshing themselves in their Tents.

The Princess fearing they would betray her, if they had any Knowledge of it, first compos'd her Mind a little, and moderated her Grief, and forbad her Women to say or do any thing that might make them suspect the Truth. Then she undrest her self, and put on Prince *Camaralzaman's* Suit, being so like him in it, that the next Day, when she came abroad, his Men took her for him.

She commanded them to pack up their baggage and march forward; and when all Things were ready, she order'd one of her Women to go into her Sedan, she her self getting a Horseback, and riding by her Side.

They travell'd several Months by Land and Sea. The Princess continuing the Journey under the Name of *Camaralzaman*. They took the Island of *Ebene* in their Way to the Isles of the Children of *Khaleden*: They went to the Capital of the Island, where a King reigned, whose Name was *Armanos*. The Persons who first landed, giving out that they brought Prince *Camaralzaman*, who was returning from a long Voyage towards his own Country, and was forc'd to put in there by a Storm: The News of his Arrival was presently carry'd to Court.

King *Armanos*, accompany'd by most of his Courtiers, went immediately to wait on the Prince, and met the Princess just as she was landing, and going to the Lodgings that had been taken up for her. He receiv'd her as the Son of a King, who was his Friend, with whom he always kept a fair Correspondence, and carry'd her to the Palace, where an Apartment was prepar'd for her and all her Attendants; though she would fain have excus'd her self, and
have

have lodg'd in a private House. Besides this, he was so courteous, that doing her common Honours would not content him, he entertained her three Days together with extraordinary Magnificence and Royal Festivals.

The Days of Feasting being over, and King *Armanos* understanding that the Princess, whom he still took for Prince *Camaralzaman*, talkd of going aboard again to proceed on her Voyage: He was so charm'd with the Air and Qualities of such an accomplish'd Prince as he took her to be, that he watch'd his Opportunity, when she was alone, and spoke to her in this Manner; you see, Prince, that I am old and cannot hope to live long, 'tis my great Trouble that I have not a Son to whom I may leave my Crown. Heaven has only blest me with one Daughter, who cannot desire to be more happy than a Prince of your Virtues can make her, whose Merit is equal with your Birth. Instead of going Home, stay and take her from my Hand; with her I will give you my Kingdom, retreat myself to a quiet Life, free from the Business and Cares of the World, having long enough had the Weight of the Crown upon me; and nothing could be a greater Pleasure to me, in my Retirement, than to consider what a worthy Successor sits in my Throne, and rules my happy People.

The Sultaneſs *Scheherazade* would have gone on, but the Day appearing, hinder'd her; the next Night she continu'd the Story, speaking thus to the Sultan of the *Indies*.

CCXXIV Night.

SIR, the King of the Isle of *Ebene*'s generous Offer, to bestow his only Daughter in Marriage on the Princess *Badoura*, who could not accept of it, because she was a Woman, gave her an unexpected Trouble, and she could not presently think of a Way to extricate her self out of it: She thought 'twould not become a Princess of her Rank to deceive the King, and to own that she was not Prince *Camaralzaman*, but his Wife, when she had assur'd him she was he himself; whose Part she had hitherto acted so well, that her Sex was not in the least suspected; she was also afraid to refuse him, seeing him so much bent upon the Conclusion of the Marriage, that there was Reason to apprehend his Kindness would turn to Aversion and Hatred, if the Honour he offer'd her was rejected, and he might attempt something ev'n against her Life. Besides, she was not sure of finding Prince *Camaralzaman* in the Court of King *Schabzaman* his Father.

These Considerations added to the Prospect of obtaining a Kingdom for the Prince her Husband, in Case she found him again, made her resolve to do what King *Armanos* would have her, and marry his Daughter: So after having stood silent for some Minutes, she with Blushes, which the King took for a Sign of her Modesty, answer, Sir, I am infinitely oblig'd to your Majesty for your good Opinion of me, for the Honour you do me, and the great Favour you offer me, which I cannot pretend to merit, and dare not refuse.

But

But, Sir, continues she, I cannot accept of this Alliance on any other Condition, than that your Majesty will assist me with your Counsels, and that I do nothing without having first your Approbation.

The Marriage-Treaty being thus concluded and agreed on, the Ceremony was put off till next Day. In the mean Time Princess *Badoura* gave Notice to her Officers, who still took her for *Camaralzaman*, what she was about to do, that they might not be surpriz'd at it, assuring them the Princess *Badoura* consented to it. She talk'd also to her Women, and charg'd them to keep the Secret she had entrusted them with, as they valu'd their Lives.

The King of the Isle of *Ebene* rejoyc'd that he had got him a Son in-Law so much to his Satisfaction: The next Morning he summon'd his Council, and acquainted them with his Design of marrying his Daughter to Prince *Camaralzaman*, whom he introduc'd to them, made him sit down by him, taking the Princess *Badoura* for him; told them he resign'd the Crown to him, and requir'd them to obey and swear Fealty to him. Having said this, he descended from his Throne, and the Princess *Badoura*, by his Order, mounted it. When she was plac'd, the Lords of the Court did her Homage, and took an Oath of Allegiance. As soon as the Council broke up, the new King was proclaim'd thro' the City, several Days of Rejoycing were appointed, and Couriers dispatch'd over all the Kingdom, to see the same Ceremonies observ'd with the same Demonstrations of Joy.

At Night there was extraordinary Feastings at the Palace Royal, and the Princess *Haia-talnesfous*

talnefous * was led to the Princess *Badoura*, whom every Body took for a Man: She was drest like a royal Bride: The Wedding was solemniz'd with the utmost Spondor, and the Rites perform'd; they were put to Bed. In the Morning the Princess *Badoura* went to receive the Complements of the Nobility in a Hall of Audience, where they congratulated her on her Marriage and Accession to the Throne. In the mean while King *Armanos* and his Queen went to the Apartment of the new Queen their Daughter, and ask'd her how she spent the Night. Instead of answering them, she held down her Head, and by her Looks they saw plain enough that she was not contented.

King *Armanos*, to comfort the Princess *Haia-talnefous*, bid her not be troubled. Prince *Camaralzaman* might be in haste to go to his Father's Court, and had not stopt at the Isle of *Ebene* had it not been in his Way thither: Tho' we have engag'd him to stay by Arguments, with which he ought to be well satisfy'd; yet 'tis probable he grieves to be all at once depriv'd of the Hopes of seeing either his Father or any of his Family: You must wait 'till those first Emotions of Tenderness are over, and his filial Love wears off by Degrees, he will then carry himself towards you as a good Husband ought to do.

The Princess *Badoura*, under the Name and Character of Prince *Camaralzaman*, not only receiv'd the Congratulatory Addresses of the Courtiers and the Nobility of the Kingdom who were in and about the City; but she review'd the regular Troops of her Household, and enter'd on the Administration of Affairs as

* *This an Arabick Word, which signifies Life and Souls.*

King, with so much Majesty and Judgment, that gain'd her the general Applause of all who were Witnesses of her Conduct.

'Twas Evening before she return'd to Queen *Haiatalnefous's* Apartment, and she perceiv'd by the Reception she gave her, that the Bride was not at all pleas'd with the Wedding-Night. She endeavour'd to make her easy by a long Discourse, in which she employ'd all the Wit she had (and that was as much as any Woman was Mistress of) to perswade her she lov'd her entirely: She then gave her Time to go to Bed, and while she was undressing her, she went to her Devotions; her Prayers were so long, that Queen *Haiatalnefous* was asleep before they were ended; she then gave over praying, and lay down softly by the new Queen, without waking her, and was as much afflicted at her being forc'd to act a Part which did not belong to her, as in the loss of her dear *Camaralzaman*, for whom she ceas'd not to sigh. She rose as soon as 'twas Day, before *Haiatalnefous* was awake, and being dress'd in her royal Robes, as King, went to Council.

King *Armanos*, as he had done the Day before, came early to visit the Queen his Daughter, whom he found in Sighs and Tears; he wanted no more to be inform'd of the Cause of her Trouble: He began to resent the Contempt, as he thought, which was put upon his Daughter, and could not imagine what was the Reason of it. Daughter, says he, have Patience for another Night. I rais'd your Husband to the Throne, and can pull him down again; depend upon it, I will drive him thence with Shame, unless he gives you the Satisfaction that he ought to do: His Usage of you
has

has provok'd me so much, I can't tell to what my Resentment may transport me; the Affront is as much to me as to you.

'Twas late again before the Princess *Badoura* came to Queen *Haiatalnefous*: She talk'd to her as she had done the Night before; and after the same Manner went to her Devotions, desiring the Queen to go to Bed; but *Haiatalnefous* would not be so serv'd, she held her Back, and oblig'd her to sit down again: What, says she, you think to deal by me this Night as you have done the two last; pray tell me, what can you dislike in a Princess of my Youth and Beauty, who not only loves but adores you, and thinks herself the happiest of all Princesses in having so amiable a Prince for her Husband; anybody, but me, wou'd be reveng'd of the Slight, or rather, the unpardonable Affront you have put upon me, and abandon'd you to your evil Destiny: However, tho' I did not love you so well as I do, yet out of pure good Nature and Humanity, which makes me pity the Misfortunes of Persons for whom I am no Ways concern'd, I could not forbear telling you, that the King my Father is enrag'd against you for your Carriage towards me, and on the Morrow will exert his Fury in a Manner, I tremble to think of, if you still use me as you have hitherto done. Do not therefore throw a Princess into Despair, who, notwithstanding all your ill Usage, cannot help loving you.

This Discourse embarrass'd the Princess *Badoura* the most of any Thing she had yet met with; she did not doubt of the Truth of what *Haiatalnefous* had said. King *Armanos's* Coldness to her the Day before, had given her but too much Reason to see he was highly dissatisfy'd

satisfy'd with her. The only Way to justify her Conduct, was, to communicate her Sex to the Princess *Haiatalnefous* : She had foreseen she should be under Necessity of discovering it to her : Yet now she was about to make such a Declaration, she was afraid how she would take it : But considering that if *Camaralzaman* was alive, he must necessarily touch at the Isle of *Ebene* in his Way to King *Schahzaman* his Father's Kingdom, that she ought to preserve her self for his Sake ; and 'twas impossible to do it, if she did not let the Princess *Haiatalnefous* know who and what she was, she resolv'd to venture, and try to get off that Way.

The Princess *Badoura* stood as one that was struck Dumb, and *Haiatalnefous* being impatient to hear what she could say, was about to speak to her again, when she stopp'd her by these Words : Lovely and too charming Princess ! I own I have been in the Wrong, and I condemn my self for it, but I hope you will pardon me, and keep the Secret I am going to reveal to you for my Justification.

She then open'd her Bosom, and shewing her Breasts, proceeded thus : See Princess, if a Woman and a Princess like your self, does not deserve to be forgiven ; I believe you will be so good, at least, when you know my Story, and the terrible Affliction that forc'd me to act the Part you see.

The Princess *Badoura* having discover'd her self entirely to the Princess of the Isle of *Ebene* ; She again pray'd her to keep the Secret, and to make as if she was really a Husband to her, 'till Prince *Camaralzaman*'s Arrival, which she hop'd would be in a little Time.

Princess

Princess, reply'd *Haiatalnefous*; Your Fortune is indeed strange, that a Marriage, so happy as yours was, should be render'd unhappy by so unaccountable an Accident, your Love being reciprocal and full of Wonders. Pray Heaven you may meet your Husband again as soon as you desire, and assure your self I will keep the Secret till he arrives. 'Twill be the greatest Pleasure to me in the World, to be the only Person in the vast Kingdom of the Isle of *Ebene*, who knows what and who you are, while you go on governing the People as happily you have begun: I only ask of you to be your Friend, than which nothing could be more to my Satisfaction: Then the two Princesses tenderly embrac'd each other, and after a thousand Vows of mutual Friendship, lay down and took their Rest.

According to the Custom of the Country, the Tokens of the Consummation of the Marriage were to be produc'd and seen publicly. The two Princesses found out a Way to get over that Difficulty: Queen *Haiatalnefous's* Women were next Morning deceiv'd by it themselves, and deceiv'd King *Armanos*, his Queen, and the whole Court. From this Time the Princess *Badoura* grew more and more in King *Armanos's* Esteem and Affection, Governing the Kingdom to his and his Peoples Content, peaceably and prosperously.

The Sultaneß of the *Indies* said no more at that Time, Day appearing, but the following Night she continued her Discourse in these Words to the Sultan.

CCXXV Night.

S I R, while these Things were transacting in the Court of the Isle of *Ebene*, Prince *Camaralzaman* stay'd in the City of the Idolaters with the Gardener; who had offer'd him his House for a Retreat 'till the Ship sail'd for that Island.

One Morning when the Prince was up early, and, as he us'd to do, was preparing to work in the Garden; the Gardener hinder'd him; saying, This Day is a great Festival among the Idolaters, and because they abstain from Work themselves, to spend the Time in their abominable Mysteries and publick Rejoycings, they will not let the Mussulmen work; who, to gain their Favour, generally assist at their Shews, which are worth seeing. Wherefore there's nothing for you to do to Day: I leave you here; and the Time approaching, in which the Ship uses to sail for the Isle of *Ebene*, I will go to some of my Friends, and know when 'twill depart, and secure you a Passage in it. The Gardener put on his best Cloaths, and went to the Feast.

When Prince *Camaralzaman* was alone, instead of going out to take Part in the Publick Joy of the City, the Solitude he was in brought to Mind, with more Violence, the loss of his dear Princess: He walk'd up and down the Garden sighing and groaning, 'till the Noise which two Birds made on a neighbouring Tree, tempted him to lift up his Head, and stop to see what was the Matter.

Camaralzaman was surpriz'd to behold a Battle between these two Birds, fighting with their

their Beaks, and that in a very little while, one of 'em fell down dead at the Root of a Tree; the Bird that was victorious took Wing again, and flew away.

In the Instant, two other larger Birds, that had seen the Fight at a Distance, came from another Side of the Garden, and pitch'd on the Ground, one at the Feet, and the other at the Head of the dead Bird; they look'd upon it some Time, shaking their Heads as if they were griev'd at the Death of their departed Friend; after which they dug a Grave with their Talons, and interr'd the Defunct.

When they had fill'd up the Grave with the Earth they had turn'd up to make it, they flew also away, and return'd in a few Minutes, bringing with them the Bird that had committed the Murder, the one holding one of her Wings in his Beak, and the other one of her Legs; the Criminal all the while crying out in a doleful Manner, and struggling to escape. They carry'd him to the Grave of the Bird which he had lately sacrific'd to his Rage; and there they made a Sacrifice of him to the *Manes* of the dead Bird; and striking him after with their Beaks at last they kill'd the Murderer: They then open'd his Belly, tore out his Entrails, left his Body on the Place unbury'd, and away they flew.

Camaralzaman remain'd in a great Astonishment all the Time that he stood beholding this Sight: He drew near the Tree where this Scene had been acted, and casting his Eyes on the scatter'd Entrails of the Bird that was last kill'd, he spy'd something red hanging out of his Body; he took it up, and found 'twas his beloved Princess *Badoura's* Talisman, which had

had cost him so much Pains and Sorrow, and so many Sighs, since the Bird snatch'd it out of his Hand. Ah cruel, said he to himself, still looking on the Bird, thou took'st Delight in doing Mischief, so I have the less Reason to complain of that which thou did'st to me: But by how much the greater it was, by so much the more do I wish well to those that reveng'd my Quarrel on thee, in punishing thee for the Murder of one of their and thy own Kind.

'Tis impossible to express Prince *Camaralzaman's* Joy: Dear Princess, continu'd he to himself; This happy Minute, which restores to me a Treasure that is so precious to thee, is without doubt a Presage of our meeting again, and perhaps sooner than I think of.

Thank Heaven, who sent me this good Fortune, and gives me Hope of the greatest Felicity that my Heart can desire.

Saying this, he kiss'd the Talisman, wrapp'd it up in a Ribbon, and ty'd it carefully about his Arm. 'Till now he had been almost every Night a Stranger to Rest, his Troubles always keeping him awake; but the next Night he slept soundly: He rose somewhat later the next Morning than he us'd to do; put on his working Cloaths, and went to the Gardiner for Orders what he should go about: The good Man bad him root up an old Tree which stood in such a Place, and was decaying.

Camaralzaman took an Ax, and began his Work; cutting off a Branch of the Root, he found his Ax struck against something that resisted the Blow and made a Noise; He turn'd the Earth up, and discover'd a broad Plate of Brass, under which was a Stair-case of ten Steps; He went down, and at the Bottom saw
a Cave

a Cave of above six Yards square, with fifty brass Urns plac'd in Order around it, each with a Cover to it; He open'd them all, one after another, and there was not one of them which was not full of gold Dust: He came out of the Cave, rejoicing that he had found such a vast Treasure: He put the brass Plate on the Stair-case, and rooted up the Tree against the Gardener's coming to see what he had done.

The Gardener had learn'd the Day before, that the Ship which was bound for the Isle of *Ebene*, would sail in a few Days, but the certain Time was not fix'd; His Friend promis'd to let him know the Day, if he call'd upon him on the Morrow; and while *Camaralzaman* was rooting up the Tree, he went to have his Answer: He return'd with a joyful Countenance, by which the Prince guess'd he brought him good News. Son, said the old Man, (so he always call'd him on Account of the Difference between his Age and the Prince's Youth) be Joyful, and prepare to embark in three Days, the Ship will then certainly set Sail: I have taken Passage for you, and agreed the Price with the Captain.

In the Condition I am at present, reply'd *Camaralzaman*, you could not bring me more agreeable News; and in Return, I have also Tidings that will be as welcome to you; come along with me, and you shall see what good Fortune Heaven has in Store for you.

The Prince led the Gardener to the Place where he had rooted up the Tree, shew'd him the Way into the Cave, and when he was there, let him see what a Treasure he had discover'd, thanking Providence for rewarding his Virtue, and the Pains he had been at for so many Years. How,

How, reply'd the Gardener, do you imagine I will take these Riches as mine, which you found out? The Property of them is yours, I have no Right to them. For fourscore Years, so long my Father has been dead, I have done nothing but dig in this Garden, and could not discover this Treasure, which is a Sign 'twas destin'd to you by Fate, or Heaven had reveal'd it to me. It agrees with your Quality as a Prince, and suits your Age too better than mine; I am old, have one Foot in the Grave, and can't tell what to do with so much Wealth: Providence has bestow'd it upon you at a Time when you are returning to that Country, which will one Day be your own, where you may make a good Use of it for the Advantage of your self, and the People over whom you are to reign.

Prince *Camaralzaman* would not be out-done in Generosity by the Gardener; they had a long Dispute about who should refuse it, for neither of them would have it from the other: At last the Prince solemnly protested, that he would have none of it, unless the Gardener would divide it with him and take half: The good Man consented to it, to please the Prince; so they parted it between them, and each had twenty five Urns.

Having thus divided it, Son, said the Gardener to the Prince, 'twas not enough that you have got this Treasure, we must now contrive how to carry it so privately aboard a Ship, that no body may know any thing of the Matter, otherwise you'll run the risk of losing it. There are no Olives in the Isle of *Ebene*; those that are exported hence are a good Commodity there; you know I have Plenty of them, take what you will; fill fifty Pots, half with the gold Dust, and half with Olives, which being
a com-

a common Merchandise from this City to that Island, none will mistrust there's any thing but Olives in the Pots.

The Council was good, and *Camaralzaman* follow'd it. The Rest of the Day was taken up by him and the old Man in packing up the Gold and the Olives in the fifty Pots, and the Prince * fearing the Talisman should come by any ill Accident again, he carefully put it up in one of the Pots, marking it with a particular Mark, to distinguish it from the other: When they were all ready to be shipp'd, the Prince retir'd into the Gardener's Hut with him, and discoursing together, he related to him the Battles of the Birds, with the Circumstance of that Adventure, in which he had found the Princess *Badoura's* Talisman. The Gardener was equally surpriz'd, and joyful to hear it, knowing what Trouble the Prince had been at for the Loss of it. Whether the old Man was quite worn out with Age, or had spent himself too much that Day, the Gardener had a very bad Night's Rest; he grew worse the next Day, and on the third Day, when the Prince was to embark, was so bad, that it was plain he was nigh his End. As soon as Day broke, the Captain of the Ship came in Person with several Seamen to the Gardener's; they knock'd at the Garden-door, and *Camaralzaman* open'd it to them: They ask'd him where the Passenger was that was to go with him; the Prince answer'd, I am he; the Gardener who agreed with you for my Passage, is sick, and cannot be spoken

* This Incident is also much the same with one in the Romance of Peter of Provence, and the fair Maguelonna: with;

with ; come in, and let your Men carry those Pots of Olives, and a few other Things aboard for me : I'll only take Leave of the Gardiner, and follow you to the Water-side.

The Seamen took up the Pots and the Baggage, and the Captain bad the Prince make hast, the Wind being fair, and they stay'd for nothing but him.

When the Captain and his Men were gone, *Camaralzaman* went to the Gardiner, to take his Leave of him, and thank'd him for all his good Offices, but he found him in the Agonies of Death, and had scarce Time to bid him rehearse the Articles of his Faith, which all good Mussulmen use to do before they die : The Gardiner did what he could towards it, and expir'd in his Presence.

The Prince being oblig'd to hasten his Departure, was at a Loss what to do, he was afraid he should lose his Voyage, if he stay'd, and was loth to leave his dead Benefactor without paying him the last Duty of a Friend, according to their Law. He wash'd him, bury'd him in his own Garden (for the *Mahometans* had no Church-yard in the City of the Idolaters, where they were only tolerated) and tho' he did it as fast as he could, having nobody to assist him, 'twas almost Night before he had put him in the Ground : As soon as he had done it, he ran to the Water-side, carrying with him the Key of the Garden, designing, if he had Time, to give it to the Land-lord ; otherwise to deposite it in some trusty Person's Hand before Witness, that he might have it after he was gone. When he came to the Port, he was told the Ship sail'd several Hours before he came, and was already out of Sight. It
stay'd

stay'd three Hours for him, and the Wind standing fair, the Captain durst not stay longer.

Scheherazade would have continu'd her Discourse, but Day-light breaking in upon the *Sultan* and her, she was oblig'd to give it over for the present. At Night she pursu'd the same Story of Prince *Camaralzaman*, and the Princess *Badoura's* Adventures, to the *Sultan* of the *Indies*.

CCXXVI Night.

TIS easy, Sir, to imagine, that Prince *Camaralzaman* was extremely grieved to be forc'd to stay in that Country a Year longer, where he neither had, nor was willing to have any Acquaintance. 'Twas a sad Thing to him, to think that he must wait another Twelve-Month for the Opportunity he had lost; but what was the greatest Affliction to him of all was, his missing the Princess *Badoura's* Talisman, which he gave over for lost. The only Course that was left for him to take, was to return to the Garden from whence he came, to rent it of the Landlord, and to go on with his Gardening; that he might by himself deplore his Misery and Misfortunes. He hir'd a Boy to help him to do some Part of the Drudgery; and that he might not lose the other half of the Treasure, which came to him by the Death of the Gardener, who dy'd without Heirs, he put the gold Dust in fifty other Pots of Olives, to be ready against the Time of the Ship's Return, and making the same Voyage.

While

While Prince *Camaralzaman* began another Year of Labour, Sorrow and Impatience, the Ship having a fair Wind, sail'd before him to the Isle of *Ebene*, where in due Time she arriv'd at the capital City.

The Palace-Royal being by the Sea-side, the new King, or rather the Princess *Badoura*, spying the Ship as she was entring into the Port, ask'd what Vessel it was; she was answer'd, that it come from the City of the *Idolaters*, from whence it us'd to come ever Year about that Time, and generally was richly laden.

The Princess, who always had Prince *Camaralzaman* in her Mind, amidst the Glories of her Palace and Power, imagin'd that Prince might be aboard; on which Thought, she resolv'd, since it might be so, to go aboard the Ship and meet him, not to discover her self to him, (for she question'd whether he would know her again) but to observe him, and take proper Measures for their making themselves mutually known. Her Pretence was, to see what Merchandize was aboard, to have the first Sight of the Goods, and choose the most valuable for her self. She commanded a Horse to be brought her; she mounted and rode to the Port, accompany'd by several Officers, who were waiting upon her at that Time; and arriv'd at the Port just as the Captain came ashore; she order'd him to be brought before her, and ask'd whence he came, how long he had been on his Voyage, what good or bad Fortune he had met with in it; if he had no Stranger of Quality aboard, and with what his Ship was loaden?

The Captain gave a satisfactory Answer to all her Demands; and as to Passengers, assur'd her there were none but Merchants in his Ship, who us'd to come every Year, and bring rich Stuffs from several Parts of the World to trade with, Callicoes stain'd or unstain'd, Diamonds, Musk, Ambergrease, Camphire, Civet, Spices, Drugs and Olives.

The Princess *Badoura* lov'd Olives extremely; when she heard the Captain speak of them, laud them, says she, I'll take them all off your Hands; as to the other Goods, let the Merchants bring them to me, and let me see them before they dispose of them, or shew them to any one.

The Captain taking her for the King of the Isle of *Ebene*, reply'd, Sir, there are fifty great Pots of Olives, but they belong to a Merchant whom I was forc'd to leave behind; I gave him Notice that I stay'd for him, but he not coming several Hours afterwards, and the Wind presenting, I was afraid of losing it, and so set sail. The Princess answer'd, 'tis no Matter, bring them ashore, well drive a Bargain for them however.

The Captain sent his Boat aboard, and in a little Time it return'd with the Pots of Olives. The Princess demanded how much the fifty Pots might be worth in the Isle of *Ebene*. Sir, says the Captain, the Merchant is very poor, and your Majesty will not pay too dear if you give him 1000 Pieces of Silver.

To satisfy him, reply'd the Princess, and because you tell me he is poor, I'll order you 1000 Pieces of Gold for him, which do you take Care to give him. The Money was accordingly pay'd, and the Pots carry'd to the Palace.

Night drawing on, the Princess withdrew into the inner Palace, and went to the Princess *Haiatalnefous's* Apartment, ordering the Olives to be brought thither; she open'd one, to let the Princess *Haiatalnefous* taste 'em, and to taste 'em herself. Great was her Astonishment, when she found the Olives were mingled with gold Dust. What can this mean, says she? 'Tis wonderful beyond Comprehension. Her Curiosity encreasing by so extraordinary an Adventure, she order'd *Haiatalnefous's* Women to open and empty all the Pots in her Presence; and her Wonder was still greater, when she saw that the Olives in all of them were mix'd with gold Dust; but when she saw her Talisman drop out of that in which the Prince had put it, she was so surpriz'd, that she swooned away. The Princess *Haiatalnefous* and her Women brought the Princess *Badoura* to Life again, by throwing cold Water in her Face. When she recover'd her Senses, she took the Talisman, and kiss'd it again and again; but not being willing that the Princess *Haiatalnefous's* Women should hear what she said, and it growing late, she dismiss'd them. Princess, says she, to *Haiatalnefous*, as soon as they were gone, you who have heard my Story, to be sure, guess'd 'twas at the Sight of the Talisman that I swoon'd. This is it, and the fatal Cause of my losing my dear Husband Prince *Camaralzaman*; but as 'twas that which caus'd our Separation, so I foresee it will be the Means of our sudden Meeting.

The next Day, as soon as 'twas light, she sent for the Captain of the Ship; and when he came, spoke to him thus, I want to know something more of the Merchant to whom

the Olives belong, that I bought of you Yesterday. I think you told me you left him behind you in the City of the *Idolaters*; can you tell me what he does there?

Yes, Sir, reply'd the Captain, I can speak on my own Knowledge, and assure your Majesty what I say is truth; I agreed for his Passage with a Gardener, a very old Man, who told me, I should find him in his Garden, where he work'd under him; he shew'd me the Place, and I went thither to call him, where I found what the Gardener said to be true; and for that Reason I told your Majesty he was poor; I told him what haste I was in, spoke to him myself, and cannot be mistaken in the Man.

If what you say is true, reply'd the Princess *Badoura*, you must set sail this very Day for the City of the *Idolaters*, and fetch me that Gardener's Man, who is my Debtor, else I will not only confiscate all your and your Merchants Goods; but your and their Lives shall answer for his; I have order'd my Seal to be put on the Warehouses where they are, which shall not be taken off, till you bring me that Man; this is all I have to say to you; go and do as I command you.

The Captain could make no reply to this Order, tho' the obeying it was a very great Loss to him and his Merchants; he acquainted them with it; and they all considering that to lose their Goods and their Lives would be a much greater, hasten'd him away as fast as they could. They set all Hands at work to load Provisions and fresh Water for his Voyage back, and were so diligent, that he was ready to set sail before Night. Accordingly he weigh'd

weigh'd Anchor, and made for the City of the *Idolaters*, where he arriv'd in a short Time, Wind and Weather favouring him all the Way. When he was got as near the City as he thought convenient, he would not cast Anchor, but let the Ship ride off Shore; and going into his Boat, with as many Hands as he wanted, he landed a little Way off the Port, whence he went directly to *Camaralzaman's* Garden.

Tho' 'twas about Midnight when he came there, the Prince was not asleep. His Separation from the fair Princess of *China* his Wife, afflicted him after its usual Manner, and he lay waking to bemoan his ill Fortune. He curs'd the Minute in which his Curiosity tempted him to touch the fatal Girdle.

Thus did he pass those Hours which are devoted to Rest, and was in these mournful Meditations, when he heard somebody knock at the Garden-Door; he ran hastily to open it, half dress'd as he was; and he had no sooner done it, but the Captain and his Seamen took hold of him, and carry'd him by Force aboard his Boat, and so a Ship-Board; where as soon as he was safe, they set sail immediately, and made the best of their Way to the Isle of *Ebene*.

Hitherto *Camaralzaman*, the Captain, and his Men, had not said a Word to one another; at last the Prince broke Silence, and ask'd the Captain, whom he knew again, why they had taken him away by Force? The Captain in his turn demanded of the Prince, whether he was not a Debtor to the King of *Ebene*? I the King of *Ebene's* Debtor, reply'd *Camaralzaman*, in Amazement; I don't know him. I had never

any thing to do with him in my Life, and never set Foot in his Kingdom. The Captain answer'd, You should know that better than I; you'll talk to him your self in a little while, 'till then stay here and have Patience.

Scheherazade was oblig'd to stop here. The Sultan of the *Indies* rising to go about some Affairs of his Government: She reviv'd the Discourse at Night, and thus went on with her Story.

CCXXVII Night.

SIR, I have told your Majesty how Prince *Camaralzaman* was taken out of his Garden, and carry'd aboard a Ship forcibly. The Captain was not long on his Voyage back to the Isle of *Ebene*. Though 'twas Night when he cast Anchor in the Port, he landed immediately, and taking Prince *Camaralzaman* with him, hasten'd to the Palace, where he demanded to be introduc'd to the King.

The Princess *Badoura* was withdrawn into the inner Palace: However, as soon as she had heard of the Captain's Return, and *Camaralzaman's* Arrival, she came forth to speak with him. As soon as she cast her Eyes on the Prince, she knew the Man for whom she had shed so many Tears, who was in his Gardener's Habit. As for the Prince, who trembled in the Presence of a King, as he thought him, to whom he was to answer for an imaginary Debt; it could not enter into his Thoughts, that the Person whom he so earnestly desir'd to see, stood before him. If the Princess had follow'd the Dictates of her Inclinations, she would

would have run to him, and by embracing, discover'd her self to him; but she put a Constraint on her self, believing that 'twas for both their Interests that she should act the Part of a King a little longer, before she made her self known; she contented her self for the present to put him into the Hands of an Officer, who was then in waiting, charging him to take Care of him, and use him well 'till next Day.

When the Princess *Badoura* had provided for Prince *Camaralzaman's* Entertainment, she turn'd about to the Captain, whom she was now to gratify for the important Service he had done her. She commanded another Officer to go immediately and take the Seal off the Warehouse where his and his Merchant's Goods were, which she discharg'd; she also gave the Master of the Vessel a Jewel, worth much more than the Expence he had been at in both his Voyages; she besides bad him keep the 1600 Pieces of Gold she had given him for the Pots of Olives, telling him she would make up the Account with the Merchant whom he brought with him.

This done, she retir'd to the Princess of the Isle of *Ebene's* Apartment, to whom she communicated her Joy, praying her to keep the Secret still; she told her how she intended to manage his and her discovering themselves to each other, and to the Kingdom, adding, there was so vast a Distance between a Gardener and a great Prince, as he is, that it may be dangerous to raise him at once, from the lowest Condition of the People to the highest Degree, though 'tis but Justice it should be done. The Princess of the Isle of *Ebene* was so far from

betraying her, that she rejoyc'd with her, and enter'd into the Design, assuring her she would contribute to it all that lay in her Power, and do whatever she would desire of her to serve them.

The next Morning the Princess of *China* order'd Prince *Camaralzaman* to be conducted to the Royal Baths, and then apparell'd in the Robes of an *Emir*, or Governor of a Province. She then went to the Council, with the Name, Habit and Authority of King of the Isle of *Ebene*. She commanded *Camaralzaman* to be introduc'd; and his fine Mien and Majestick Air drew all the Eyes of the Lords there present upon him.

The Princess *Badoura* herself was charm'd to see him again as lovely as she had often seen him, and that Pleasure inspir'd her to speak the more warmly in his Praise. When she address'd herself to the Council, having order'd the Prince to take his Seat among the *Emirs*, she spoke to them thus, My Lords, *Camaralzaman*, the Man whom I have advanc'd to the same Dignity with you, is not unworthy the Honour that is done him. I have known enough of him in my Travels to answer for him, and I can assure you he will make his Merit known to all of you, as well by his Valour, as by a thousand other shining Qualities, which distinguish him from the rest of Mankind.

Camaralzaman was extremely amaz'd, to hear the King of the Isle of *Ebene*, whom he was far from taking for a Woman, much less for his dear Princess, name him, and declare that he knew him, who, as he thought, was certain he had never seen him before in his Life. He was much more surpriz'd, when he heard him

praise

praise him so excessively. However, those Praises, as excessive as they were, did not confound him, tho' they came from the Mouth of a King: He receiv'd them with such Modesty, as shew'd that he deserv'd them, and did not grow vain upon it. He prostrated himself before the Throne of the King, and then rising again, Sir, said he, I want Words to express my Gratitude to your Majesty for the Honour you have done me; I shall do all that lies in my Power to render myself worthy of your Royal Favour.

From the Council-Board the Prince was conducted to a Palace, which the Princess *Badoura* had order'd to be fitted up for him; where he found Officers and Domesticks ready to obey his Commands, a Stable full of fine Horses, and every Thing suitable to the Quality of an Emir. When he was in his Closet, the Steward of his Household brought him a Chest full of Gold for his Expences.

The less he conceiv'd how it came about, that he met with so much good Fortune, the more he admir'd at it, never once imagining that he ow'd it to the Princess of *China*.

Two or three Days after, the Princess *Badoura* made him Lord Treasurer, which Office became lately vacant, that he might be nearer her Person. He behav'd himself in his new Charge with so much Integrity, and was so obliging to every Body, that he not only gain'd the Friendship of the Great, but also the Affections of the People, by his Uprightness and Bounty.

Camaralzaman had been the happiest Man in the World, being the reigning Favourite of the King of the Isle of *Ebene*, and in the Esteem

of all his Subjects, if he had had his Princess with him. In the midst of his good Fortune he never ceas'd lamenting her, and grieving that he could hear no Tidings of her, especially in a Country where she must necessarily have come in her Way to his Father's Court, and have arriv'd long before, had she met with no ill Accident by the Way. He had mistrusted something had the Princess *Badoura* still gone by the Name of *Camaralzaman*, which she took with his Habit, but on her Accession to the Throne, she chang'd it to take that of *Armanos*, in Honour of the old King her Father-in-Law. There were very few Courtiers who knew that she had ever been call'd *Camaralzaman*, which she assum'd when she arriv'd at the Court of the Isle of *Ebene*; nor had *Camaralzaman* so much Acquaintance with any of them yet, to inform himself further of her History.

The Princess fearing he might do it in Time, and desiring that he should owe the Discovery of her self to her self only, resolved to put an End to her Torments and his; for she had observ'd, that as often as she discours'd with him about the Affairs of his Office, he fetch'd such deep Sighs, as could be address'd to no-body but her. She her self liv'd in such a Constraint, that she could endure it no longer. Add to this the Friendship of the Emirs and Courtiers, the Zeal and Affection of the People: In a Word, every Thing contributed to her putting the Crown of the Isle of *Ebene* on his Head, without any Obstacle.

The Princess *Badoura* consulted the Princess *Haiatalnefous* in this, as she had done in the other Parts of the Adventure, and they both agreeing

agreeing to have it done; the one Day took Prince *Camaralzaman* aside; saying, I must talk with you about an Affair, *Camaralzaman*, in which I want your Advice; it will not be so proper to do it by Day-light, for our Discourse may be long, and I would not be observ'd: Come hither in the Evening; don't let us wait for you; I'll take Care to provide you a Bed.

Camaralzaman came punctually to the Palace at the Hour appointed by the Princess; she took him with her into the inner Apartment, and having told the chief Eunuch, who prepar'd to follow her, she had no Occasion of his Service, and that he should only keep the Door shut; she carry'd him into a private Apartment adjoining to the Princess *Haiatalnefous's*, where she us'd to lie.

When she enter'd the Chamber where there was a Bed, she shut the Door, and taking the Talisman out of her Pocket, gave it to *Camaralzaman*, saying, 'Tis not long since an Astrologer presented me with this Talisman; you being skilful in all Things, pray tell me what 'tis good for?

Camaralzaman took the Talisman, and drew near a Lamp to view it. As soon as, to his Astonishment, he knew 'twas the Princess's, he was transported with Pleasure; and she was no less pleas'd to see it. Sir, says the Prince, your Majesty ask'd me what this Talisman is good for. Oh, King! 'tis only good to kill me with Grief and Despair; If I don't suddenly find the most charming and lovely Princess in the World to whom it belongs, whose Loss 'twas the Occasion of, and of a strange Adventure to me, the very Recital of which will move your

your Majesty to pity such an unfortunate Husband and Lover, if you would have Patience to hear it.

You shall tell me that another Time, reply'd the Princess, I am very glad I know something of it already; stay here a little, and I'll return to you in a Moment.

At these Words she went into a Closet, put off her Royal Turbant, and in a few Minutes dress'd herself like a Woman; and having the Girdle around her, which she had on the Day of their Separation, she enter'd the Chamber.

Prince *Cameralzaman* immediately knew his dear Princess, ran to her, and tenderly embrac'd her, crying out, Ah! how much am I oblig'd to the King, who has so agreeably surpriz'd me? Don't expect to see the King any more, reply'd the Princess, with Tears in her Eyes; Let us sit down, and I'll explain this *Enigma* to you.

They sat down, and the Princess told the Prince the Resolution she came to, in the Field where they encamp'd the last Time they were together, as soon as she perceiv'd she waited for him to no Purpose: How she went thro' with it, till she arriv'd at the Isle of *Ebene*, where she had been oblig'd to marry the Princess *Haiatalnefous*, and accept of the Crown, which King *Armanos* offer'd her as one of the Conditions of the Marriage. How the Princess whose Merit she highly extoll'd, took her Declaration of her Sex; and how she found the Talisman in the Pots of Olives, mingled with the Gold Dust which she bought, and the finding it was the Cause of her sending for him at the City of the *Idolaters*.

When

When she had done telling her Adventures, she oblig'd the Prince to tell his: He inform'd her how the Talisman occasion'd their Separation, and the rest of the Story relating to him, as I have already told it: They then bemoan'd one anothers ill Fortune, and rejoic'd in their good; He complain'd of her with the most kind Expressions Love could invent, chiding her tenderly for her making him languish so long without her: She excus'd herself with the Reasons I have already related; after which, growing late, they went to Bed.

Scheherazade, seeing the Day begin to dawn, said no more, but the following Night she continu'd the Story thus.

COXXVIII Night.

SIR, The Princess *Badoura* and Prince *Camalzaman* rose next Morning as soon as 'twas Light, but the Princess would no more put on her Royal Robes as King: She dress'd herself in her Natural Dress, that of a Woman, and then sent the chief Eunuch to King *Armanos*, her Father-in-Law, to desire he would give himself the Trouble to come to her Apartment.

When the King enter'd the Chamber, he was amaz'd to see a Lady there, who was unknown to him, and the Lord-Treasurer with her, to whom it was not permitted to come within the inner Palace, nor to any of the Lords of the Court. He sat down and ask'd where the King was.

The Princess answer'd, Yesterday I was King, Sir, and to Day I am only the Princess of *China*,
Wife

Wife to the true Prince *Camaralzaman*, the true Son of King *Schahzaman*. If your Majesty will have Patience to hear both our Histories; I hope you will not condemn me for putting an innocent Deceit upon you: The King bad her go on, and heard her Discourse from the Beginning to the End, with Astonishment. The Princess finishing it, said to him, Sir, Though our Religion does not suffer Men to have more Wives than one, without some Sort of Scandal; and we Women do not easily comply with the Custom Men have introduc'd to have several; Yet if your Majesty will give your Consent to give your Daughter, the Princess *Haiatalnefous*, in Marriage to Prince *Camaralzaman*, I will, with all my Heart, yield up to her the Rank and Quality of Queen, which, of Right belongs to her, and content my self with the second Place after her: If this Precedence was not her due, I would however, give it her, being oblig'd to her for keeping this Secret so faithfully as she has done. If your Majesty approves of it, I am sure she will; and I will pass my Word, that she shall obey you with Joy.

King *Armanos* listened to the Princess with Admiration, and when she had done, turn'd about to Prince *Camaralzaman*, laying, Son, Since the Princess *Badoura*, your Wife, whom I have all along thought to be my Son-in-Law, through a Deceit of which I do not complain, assures me, that she will divide your Bed with my Daughter: I have nothing more to do, but to know of you, if you are willing to marry her, and accept of the Crown, which the Princess *Badoura* would deservedly wear, as long as she liv'd; if she did not quit it out of Love

Love to you. Sir, reply'd Prince *Camaralzaman*, though I desire nothing so earnestly as to see my Father, yet the Obligations I have to your Majesty and the Princess *Haiatalnefous*, are so weighty, I cannot deny you any thing that is in my Power. *Camaralzaman* was proclaimed King, and married the same Day with all possible Demonstrations of Joy: He being very well pleas'd with the Princess *Haiatalnefous*'s Beauty and Love for him.

The two Queens lived together afterwards as friendly as they had done before, both being contented with King *Camaralzaman*'s equal Carriage towards them, and they alternatively were taken to his Bed.

The next Year, each brought him a Son at the same Time, and the Birth of the two Princes was celebrated with extraordinary Feastings: The first, which the Princess *Badoura* was deliver'd of, King *Camaralzaman* called *D'Amgrad* (*Most Glorious*;) and the other, which was born of Queen *Haiatalnefous*, *Affad* (*Most Happy*.)

The Story of the Princes Amgrad and Affad.

THE two Princes were brought up with great Care; and when they were old enough, had the same Governour, and the same Masters for the Arts and Sciences. King *Camaralzaman* would have them learn them, and that they should have each the same Master for each Exercise. The Friendship which from their Infancy they entred into, occasioned an Uni-

Uniformity of Manners and Inclinations, which encreased with their Years. When they were of Years to keep each a separate Court, they lov'd one another so tenderly, that they begg'd King *Camaralzaman* to let 'em live together: He consented to it. So they had the same Officers, the same Domesticks, the same Lodging, and the same Table. *Camaralzaman* had so good an Opinion of their Capacity and Justice, that he made no Scruple of admitting them in his Council at 18 Years old, and letting them, by Turns, preside there, while he gave himself the Diversion of Hunting, or recreated himself with his Queens at his Houses of Pleasure.

The two Princes being equally handsome, both in their Infancy, and now they were grown up; the two Queens lov'd 'em with incredible Tenderness, in such a Manner, however, that the Princess *Badoura* had a greater Kindness for Prince *Affad*, Queen *Haiatalnefous*'s Son, than for her own; and Queen *Haiatalnefous* lov'd *Amgrad*, the Princess *Badoura*'s Son, better than her own Son *Affad*.

The two Queens thought at first, this Inclination was nothing but a Friendship which proceeded from an excess of their own for each other, which they still preserv'd: But as the two Princes advanc'd in Years, that Friendship turn'd to a violent Love; when the Graces that appear'd in their Youth blinded their Reason. They knew how criminal their Passion was, they did all they could to resist it, and all they did prov'd in vain. They were accusom'd to be familiar with them, to admire, to praise, to kiss and caress 'em from their Infancy, and could not leave it when they grew up, which enflam'd their Desires

fires to such a Height, that they could neither Eat, nor Drink, nor Sleep. 'Twas their and the Princes ill Fortune, that the latter being us'd to be so treated by them, had not the least Suspicion of their infamous Fires.

The two Queens had not made each other a Confident of the Secret of their Passion, nor had the Boldness to tell each the Prince she lov'd, by Word of Mouth, the guilty Flame with which she burnt; they at last resolv'd to do it by Billet, and made Use of King *Camaralzaman's* Absence to execute their wicked Design, when he was gone a Hunting, which would take him up three or four Days.

Prince *Amgrad* presided at the Council-Table the Day of King *Camaralzaman's* Departure, and heard Causes till 3 or 4 a Clock in the Afternoon: When he return'd to the Palace from the Council-Chamber, an Eunuch took him aside, and gave him a Billet from Queen *Haiatalnefous*: *Amgrad* took it, and read it with Horror. Traytor, says he to the Eunuch, as soon as he had read it through, is this the Fidelity thou owest thy Master and thy King? At these Words he drew his Sabre and cut off his Head.

Having done this, he ran in Haste to the Princess *Badoura* his Mother, bearing his Resentment still in his Looks, shew'd her the Billet, told her the Contents of it, and from whom it came; instead of hearkning to him, she fell into a Passion herself, and said, Son, 'tis all a Calumny and Imposture, Queen *Haiatalnefous* is a very discreet Princess, and you are very bold to talk to me after this Rate. The Prince was enrag'd at his Mother, to hear her speak so of him; you are both bad alike, says

says he, and had it not been for the Respect I owe my Father, this Day should have been the last of *Haiatalnefous's* Life.

Queen *Badoura* might have imagin'd by the Example of her Son *Amgrad*, that Prince *Affad*, who was as Virtuous as the other, would not be pleas'd with such a Declaration of Love as had been made to his Brother: Yet that did not hinder her persisting in so abominable a Design; she wrote him a Billet the next Day, which she trusted with an old Woman belonging to the Palace, to convey to him.

The old Woman watch'd her Opportunity to give it him as he was coming from the Council-Chamber, where he presided that Day in his Turn; the Prince took it, and reading it, fell into such a Fury, that without finishing it, he drew his Sabre and punish'd the old Woman as she deserved: He ran presently to his Mother Queen *Haiatalnefous's* Apartment with the Billet in his Hand; he would have shewn it to her, but she did not give him Time, crying out, I know what you'd have with me; you are as Impertinent as your Brother *Amgrad*: Be gone, and never come into my Presence again.

Affad stood as one Thunder-struck at these Words, of which he could not comprehend the Meaning: When he recollected himself, he was so transported with Rage, that he had like to have given very fatal Demonstrations of his Anger, but he contain'd himself, and withdrew without making any Reply, fearing, if he stay'd he might say something or other unworthy the Greatness of his Soul. *Amgrad* had put the same Constraint on himself, and guessing by his

his Mother's Carriage that she was altogether as criminal as Queen *Haiatalnefous*; he went to his Brother, to chide him for not communicating that hated Secret to him, and to mingle his Sorrow with *Affad's*.

The two Queens grew desperate when they found so much Virtue in the two Princes; and instead of reforming themselves by it, they renounc'd all Sentiments of Mothers and Nature, and conspir'd together to destroy them: They made their Women believe the two Princes had attempted to ravish them: They counterfeited the Matter to the Life by their Fears, Cries, and Curses; and lay in the same Bed, as if the Resistance they had made had wasted them so much, that they were almost at Death's Door.

But, Sir, says *Scheherazade*, Day appears, and obliges me to say no more at this Time. She held her Tongue, and the next Night continu'd the Story in this Manner, addressing her self to the Sultan of the *Indies*.

CCXXIX Night.

SIR, we left the two unnatural Queens Yesterday, resolving to destroy the two Princes their Sons: When *Camaralzaman* return'd to the Palace from hunting, he was very much surpriz'd to find them a-bed together, all in Tears, acting the Part of desponding Ladies so well, that he was touch'd with Compassion: He askt them with Earnestness what had happen'd to them?

At this Question the dissembling Queens wept and groan'd more bitterly than before; and

and after he had press'd them again and again to tell him, Queen *Badoura* at the last answer'd him thus, Sir, our Grief is so extraordinary, and so just, that we ought not to see the Light of the Sun, nor live a Day after the Violence that has been offer'd us by the Princes your Sons: Their Brutality has been such, that they enter'd into a horrid Design in your Absence, and had the Boldness and Insolence to make Attempts upon our Honour: Your Majesty will excuse us from saying any more; you may guess the rest by our Affliction.

The King sent for the two Princes, and had kill'd them both with his own Hand, if old King *Armanos* his Father in Law, who was by, had not held his Hand; Son, said he, what are you going to do? Will you stain your Hands and your Palace with your own Blood? There are other Ways of punishing them, if they are really guilty.

He endeavour'd thus to appease him, and desir'd him to examine the Matter, and see whether they did indeed commit the Crime of which they were accused.

'Twas no hard Thing for *Camaralzaman* to be so much Master of himself, as not to butcher his own Children: He order'd them to be put under Arrest, and sent for an Emir call'd *Giendar*, whom he commanded to carry them out of the City, and put them to Death, as far off, as in what Place he pleased, but not to see him again unless he brought their Cloaths with him, as a Token of his having executed his Orders.

Giendar travell'd with them all Night, and early next Morning made 'em alight, telling them with Tears in his Eyes, the cruel Commands he had receiv'd; believe me, Princes, says

says he, 'tis next to Death to me to obey your Father, who chose me to execute what he order'd concerning you; would to heaven I could avoid it. The Princes reply'd, do your Duty; we know well enough you are not the Cause of our Deaths, and pardon you freely for it.

Then they embrac'd, and bad each other adieu with so much Tenderness, that 'twas a long Time before they could leave one another's Arms. Prince *Affad* was the first who prepar'd himself for the fatal Stroke. Begin with me, *Giendar*, said he, that I may not have the Trouble to see my dear Brother *Amgrad* die. *Amgrad* oppos'd him in it; and *Giendar* could not, without weeping more than before, be Witness of this Dispute between them; which shew'd how perfect and sincere their Friendship was.

They in the End thus determin'd the Contest, desiring *Giendar* to tie them together, and put them in the most convenient Posture for him to kill them both at one Blow. Don't refuse two unfortunate Brothers the poor Comfort of dying together, said the generous Princes; for all Things, even our Innocence, are in common between us.

Giendar agreed to it, and as they desir'd, tyed them to each other, Breast to Breast, close; and when he had plac'd them so as he thought he might strike the Blow with the more Surety, to answer their Request, and cut off their Heads at once; he ask'd them if they had any thing to command him before they dy'd.

We have only one Thing to desire of you, reply'd the Princes, which is, to assure our Father at your Return that we are innocent, but do not charge him with our Deaths, knowing

knowing he is not well inform'd of the Truth of the Crime which we are accus'd of.

Giendar promis'd to do what they would have him, and drew his Sabre; his Horse being ty'd to a Tree just by, started at the Sight of the Sabre, which glitter'd against the Sun, broke his Bridle, and ran away with all Speed into the Country.

Giendar set a great Price upon him, for 'twas a very good Horse, and was besides so richly harness'd, that the *Emir* could not well bear the Loss of him. This Accident so troubled him, that instead of beheading the two Princes, he threw away his Sabre, and ran after his Horse, to catch him again if he could.

The Horse gallop'd on before him, and led him several Miles out of his Way into a Wood. *Giendar* follow'd him, and the Horses neighing rous'd a Lyon that was asleep not far off. The Lyon started up, and instead of running after the Horse, made directly towards *Giendar*, who thought no more of his Beast, but how to save his Life, and avoid the Lyon. He ran into the thickest of the Wood; the Lyon pursuing him with more ease than he took his Flight. Driven to this Extremity, he said to himself, Heaven had not punish'd me in this Manner, but to shew the Innocence of the Princes whom I was commanded to put to Death, and now to my Misfortune, I have not my Sabre to defend myself.

Whilst *Giendar* was 'gone, the two Princes were seiz'd with a violent Thirst, occasion'd by the Fear of Death, notwithstanding their noble Resolution to submit to the King their Father's cruel Order.

Prince

Prince *Amgrad* shew'd the Prince his Brother a Fountain not far off. Ah! Brother, says *Affad*, we have so little while to live, what need have we quench our Thirst? We can bear it a few Minutes longer.

Amgrad taking no Notice of his Brother's Remonstrance, unbound himself, and unbound his Brother whether he would or no. They went to the Fountain, and having refresh'd themselves, heard the roaring of the Lyon, that in pursuit of his Prey, was come to the End of the Wood near where the Princes were. They also heard *Giendar's* dreadful cries: At which *Amgrad* took up *Giendar's* Sabre which lay on the Ground, saying to *Affad*, Come Brother, let us go and help poor *Giendar*, perhaps we may come soon enough to deliver him from the Danger in which he now is.

The two Princes ran to the Wood, and enter'd it just as the Lyon was going to fall on *Giendar*. The Beast seeing Prince *Amgrad* advancing towards him, with the Sabre in his Hand, left his Prey, and came against him with Fury. The Prince met him intrepidly, and gave him a Blow so forcibly and dexterously, that it fell'd him dead to the Ground.

When *Giendar* saw the two Princes were the Men who sav'd his Life, he threw himself at their Feet, and thank'd them for the great Obligation he had to them, in Words which sufficiently shew'd his Gratitude. Princes, says he, rising up and kissing their Hands, with Tears in his Eyes God forbid that ever I should attempt any thing against your Lives, after you have so obligingly and bravely sav'd mine. It shall never be said, that the Emir *Giendar* was guilty of such a Piece of Ingratitude.

The

The Service we have done you, the Princes answer'd, ought not to hinder you to execute the Orders you have receiv'd: Let us catch your Horse again, and then return to the Place where you left us - - - - They were at no great Trouble to take the Horse, whose Mettle was come down a little, with running as he had done. When they had restor'd him to *Giendar*, and were near the Fountain, they begg'd of him, and argu'd with him to do as their Father had commanded him; but all to no Purpose. I only take the Liberty to desire you, says *Giendar*, and I pray you not to deny me, that you will divide my Cloaths between you, and give me yours; and to go so far, that the King your Father may never hear a Word of you more.

The Princes were forc'd to comply with him: They each of them gave him his Cloaths, and cover'd themselves with what he could spare them of his. He also gave them all the Gold he had about him, and took his Leave of them.

When Emir *Giendar* parted from the Princes, he pass'd through the Wood where *Amgrad* had kill'd the Lyon, in whose Blood he dipp'd their Cloaths; which having done, he proceeded in his Way to the capital City of the Isle of *Ebene*.

At his Arrival there, King *Camaralzaman* ask'd if he had done what he order'd him. *Giendar* reply'd, See, Sir, the faithful Witnesses of my Obedience; giving him at the same Time the Princes Cloaths.

How did they take the Punishment I commanded to be executed on them? *Giendar* answer'd, With wonderful Constancy, Sir, and a holy

a holy Resignation to the Decrees of Heaven, which shewed how sincerely they made Profession of their Religion: But particularly they behaved themselves with great Respect towards your Majesty, and an entire Submission to the Sentence of Death. We die innocent, said they, however, we do not murmur; we take our Death as from the Hand of Heaven, and forgive our Father; for we know very well, he has not been rightly inform'd of the Truth.

Camaralzaman was sensibly touched at *Emir Giendar's* Relation, and putting his Hand in Prince *Amgrad's* Pocket, first found a Billet open, which he read. He no sooner knew that Queen *Haiatalnefous* writ it, as well by a Lock of her Hair which was in it, as by her Hand-writing, but he froze with Horror: He then trembling, put his Hand in that of *Affad*, and finding there Queen *Badoura's* Billet, his Surprise was so great and so lively, that he swooned away.

The Sultaneſs *Scheherazade* perceiving, as she spoke these Words, that Day began to dawn, she gave over speaking, and deferr'd the Continuance of the Story till the next Night; when she resum'd it in the following Manner, and said to the Sultan of the *Indies*.

CCXXX Night.

SIR, Never did Man grieve like *Camaralzaman*, as soon as he was recover'd from his swooning Fit: Barbarous Father, as thou art, cry'd he; What hast thou done? Thou hast murder'd thy own Children, thy innocent
H Chil-

Children: Did not their Wisdom, their Modesty, their Obedience, their Submission to thy Will in all Things, their Virtue, did not they all plead in their Behalf? Blind and insensible Father! dost thou deserve to live after the execrable Crime thou hast committed? I have brought this Abomination on my own Head; and Heaven chastises me for not persevering in the Aversion to Women, with which I was born. And, Oh ye detestable Wives! I will not, no, I will not, as you deserve, wash off the Guilt of your Sins with your Blood; ye are unworthy of my Rage: But Perdition seize me if ever I see you more.

King *Camaralzaman* was a Man of too much Religion to break his Vow: He commanded the two Queens to be lodg'd in separate Apartments that very Day, where they were kept under strong Guards; and he never saw them again as long as he liv'd.

While the King of the Isle of *Ebene* afflicted himself for the Loss of the Princes, his Sons, which he thought he had been the Author of by his too rash condemning them; the Royal Youths wander'd thro' Desarts, endeavouring to avoid all Places that were inhabited, and to meet any human Creature. They liv'd on Herbs and wild Fruits, and drank only stinking Rain-water, which they found in the Crevices of the Rocks. They slept and watch'd by Turns at Night, for fear of wild Beasts.

When they had travell'd about a Month, they came to the Foot of an high Mountain, inaccessible for the Craggedness of it, the Stones being black, and so rugged, that 'twas impossible to ascend over them to the Summit of the Hill. They at last spy'd a sort of a Path,
but

but so narrow and difficult, that they durst not venture up it: This oblig'd them to go along by the Foot of the Mountain, in Hopes to find a more easy Way to reach the Top of it. They went about it five Days, but could see nothing like a Path; so they were forc'd to return to that which they had neglected. They still thought it would be in vain for them to attempt going up by it: They deliberated what they should do a long Time, and at last encouraging one another, resolv'd to ascend the Hill.

The more they advanc'd, they thought 'twas the higher, and the more steep, which made them think several Times of giving over their Enterprize. When the one was weary, the other stopt, and they took Breath together; sometimes they were both so tir'd, that they wanted Strength to go farther: Then despairing of being able to reach the Top, they thought they must lie down and die of Fatigue and Weariness. A few Minutes after, when they found they recover'd a little Strength, they animated one another, and went on.

Notwithstanding all their Endeavours and their Courage, they could not get to the Top that Day; Night came on, and Prince *Affad* was so tir'd, and so spent, that he stopt, and said to Prince *Amgrad*, I can go no farther; I am just a dying. Stay as long as you will, reply'd Prince *Amgrad*, let us rest ourselves, and have a good Heart; 'tis but a little Way to the Top, and the Moon befriends us.

They rested themselves about half an Hour, and then *Affad* putting on Strength to it, once more ascended what remain'd of the Way to

the Mountain's Summit, where they both at last arriv'd, and lay down. *Amgrad* rose first, and advancing, saw a Tree at a little Distance: He went to it, and found 'twas a Pomegranate-Tree, with large Fruit upon it, and a Fountain at the Foot of it: He ran to his Brother *Affad*, to tell him the good News, and conduct him to the Tree, by the Fountain's Side. They refresh'd themselves there by eating each a Pomegranate; after which they fell asleep.

When they awoke next Morning, Come Brother, says *Amgrad* to *Affad*, let's go on, I see the Mountain is easier to be travell'd over on this Side than the other, all our Way now is down Hill; but *Affad* was so tir'd with the last Day's Fatigue, that he wanted three or four Days Repose to recover himself.

They spent them as they had done many before, in discoursing on their Mother's inordinate Desires, deploring their Misfortunes: But, said they, since Heaven has so visibly declar'd itself in our Favour, we ought to bear them with Patience, and comfort ourselves with Hopes that we shall see an End of them.

At the End of three Days rest, the two Brothers continu'd their Travels, and were five Days in descending it before they came into the Valley. They then discover'd a great City, at which they were very joyful: Brother, says *Amgrad* to *Affad*, are not you of my Opinion; which is, that you should stay in some Place out of the City, where I may come to you again, while I go and learn the Language, and inform myself what the Name of the City is, in what Country we are; and when I come back I will bring Provisions with me:

me: 'Tis not convenient for us to go there together, there may be Danger in it, and so much Notice will not be taken of one Stranger as of two.

Brother, reply'd *Affad*, I approve of what you say; 'tis safe and prudent; but if one of us must part from the other on that Account, I will not suffer that it shall be you: You must allow me to go; for what a Trouble will it be to me, if any ill Accident should happen to you.

Ah! but Brother, (*Amgrad* answered) the same ill Accident you fear for me, I am as much afraid of, for you: Pray let me go, and do you stay here with Patience. I'll never yield to it, said *Affad*; if any Ill happen to me, 'twill be some Comfort to think you are safe. *Amgrad* was forc'd to submit, and *Affad* going towards the City, he staid in a Grove at the Foot of the Mountain.

Prince Affad is stopp'd, as he was going to the City of the Magicians.

PPrince *Affad* took the Purse of Money which *Amgrad* had in Charge, and went forward towards the City: He had not gone far in the first Street, before he met with a reverend old Man, with a Cane in his Hand; he was neatly dress'd, and the Prince took him for a Man of Note in the Place, who would not put a Trick upon him; so he accosted him thus --- Pray, My Lord, which is the Way to the Market-place? The old man look'd on Prince *Affad*, smiling; Child said he, 'tis plain you are a Stranger, or you would not have ask'd that Question of me.

Yes, my Lord, I am a Stranger, reply'd *Affad*. The old Man answer'd. You are welcome then; our Country will be honour'd by the Presence of so handsome a young Man as you are: Tell me what Business you have at the Market-place.

My Lord, reply'd *Affad*, 'tis near two Months since my Brother and I parted from our own Country, a great Way from hence: We have not left off travelling ever since we set out first, and we arriv'd here but to Day; my Brother, tir'd with such a long Journey, stays at the Foot of the Mountain, and I am come to buy some Provision for him and me.

Son,

Son, says the old Man, you could not have come in a better Time, and I am glad of it for you and your Brother's Sake: I made a Feast to Day for some Friends of mine, and there's a great deal of Victuals left untouch'd; come along with me, you shall eat as much as you please; and when that's done, I'll give you enough to last your Brother and you several Days: Don't spend your Money when there's no Occasion for it; Travellers are always in want of it; while you are eating, I'll give you an Account of our City, which nobody can do better than myself, who have born all the honourable Offices in it: 'Tis well for you that you happen'd to light upon me; for I must tell you, all our Citizens cannot so well help and inform you as I can; I can assure you some of them are very wicked. Come along, you shall see the Difference between a real honest Man, as I am; and such as boast to be so, and are not.

I am infinitely oblig'd to you, reply'd *Affad*, for your good Will towards me; I put my self intirely into your Hands, and am ready to go with you where you please.

The old Man laugh'd in his Sleeve to think he had got the Prince in his Clutches; he walk'd by the Side of him as close as he could, and all the Way talk'd as civilly and plausibly as he could, to preserve the favourable Opinion *Affad* had of him. Among other Things, says he, it must be confess'd 'twas your good Fortune to meet with me, rather than with any other Man; I thank God I met with you; you'll know why I say it when you come to my House----

Thither they came e'er it was long, and the old Man introduced *Affad* into a Hall, where were forty such old Fellows as himself, who made a Circle round a flaming Fire, which they adored. The Prince was not more seiz'd with Horror at the Sight of so many Men adoring the Creature for the Creator, than with Fear of finding himself betrayed, and in such an abominable Place.

While *Affad* stood motionless with the Surprise in which he was, the old Cheat saluted the forty Gray-headed Men around the Fire. Devout Adorers of Fire, says he to them, this is a happy Day for us; where's *Gazban*? call him.

He spake these Words aloud, and a Negroe who waited at the lower End of the Hall, presently came up to him. This Black was *Gazban*; who, as soon as he saw the disconsolate *Affad*, imagin'd for what he was called. He seiz'd him immediately, and ty'd him Hand and Foot, with wonderful Nimbleness. Carry him down, said the old Man, when you have done, and bid my Daughters, *Bostama* and *Cavama*, give him every Day the Bastinado, with a little Bread, Morning and Night, for his Subsistence, just enough to keep him alive, till the next Ship departs for the *Blue Sea*, and the *Fiery Mountain*: He shall then be offer'd up an agreeable Sacrifice to our Divinity.

The Sultaneſs ſtopt here for that Time, being interrupted by the Approach of Morning; the next Night ſhe continu'd her Diſcourſe to the Sultan of the *Indies* as follows.

CCXXXI Night

SIR, As soon as the old Man had given the cruel Order I spoke of Yesterday, *Gazban* bore Prince *Affad* into a Cellar under the Hall, through several dark Rooms, till they came to a Dungeon, down to which were twenty Steps, there he left him in Chains of prodigious Weight and Bigness. When he had done, he went to give the old Man's Daughters Notice of it; but he might have spar'd himself that Labour, for their Father had before sent for them, and given them their Instructions himself; Daughters, said he to them, go down and give the Mussulman, I just now brought in, the Bastinado, as you know how to do it: Don't spare him; you cannot shew your Zeal for our Divinity, and that you adore the Fire, any Way better, than by your Severity to him.

Bostama and *Cavama*, who were bred up in their Hatred to Mussulmen, receiv'd this Order with Joy. They descended into the Dungeon that very Moment, stripp'd *Affad*, and bastinado'd him unmercifully, till the Blood issu'd out of his Wounds, and he was almost dead. After this cruel Execution, they put a Piece of Bread and a Pot of Water by him, and retir'd.

Affad did not come to himself again in a long Time; when he did, he broke out into a Flood of Tears, deploring his Misery. His Comfort however was, that this Misfortune had not happen'd to his Brother *Amgrad*:

The Prince waited for his Brother till Evening with Impatience ; when 'twas two, three, and four of the Clock in the Morning, and *Affad* did not return, he was like one desperate, Sorrow so violently possess'd him. He spent the Night in that dismal Condition ; and as soon as 'twas Day, went to the City: He admir'd, as soon as he enter'd it, to see but very few Mussulmen. He accosted the first he met, and ask'd him the Name of the Place. He was told, 'twas the *City of the Magicians* : So call'd, because of the great Number of Magicians that were there, who ador'd the Fire, and that there were but very few Mussulmen. *Amgrad* then demanded how far 'twas to the Isle of *Ebene* ? He was answer'd, four Months Voyage by Sea, and a Year's Journey by Land. The Man he talk'd to, left him hastily, having satisfy'd him as to those two Questions, and went about his Business.

Amgrad, who was about six Weeks coming from the Isle of *Ebene* with his Brother *Affad*, could not comprehend how they came to this City in so little a Time, unless 'twas by Enchantment, or that the Way cross the Mountains was much shortned, and not frequented, because of the Difficulty to pass.

Going farther in the Town, he stopp'd at a Taylor's Shop, whom he knew to be a Mussulman by his Habit, as he had known the Man he talk'd to before. Having saluted him, he sat down, and told him the Occasion of the Trouble he was in.

When Prince *Amgrad* had done talking, the Taylor reply'd, If your Brother has fall'n into the Hands of some Magician, depend upon it, you'll never see him more ; he is lost
past

past all Recovery; and I advise you to comfort yourself as well as you can, and to beware of falling into the same Misfortune: To which End, if you'll hearken to me, you shall stay at my House, and I will tell you all the Tricks of these Magicians; that you may take Care of yourself when you go out. *Amgrad* grievously afflicted for the Loss of his Brother, accepted the Taylor's Offer, and thank'd him a thousand Times for his Kindness to him.

The Story of Prince Amgrad, and a Lady of the City of the Magicians.

PPrince *Amgrad* did not go out of the Taylor's House in a Month's Time, except his Host went with him. At last he ventur'd to go to the Baths. As he was returning home thro' a Street where there was nobody in it, but himself and a Lady, he was surpriz'd to find her come up to him, and pull up her Veil. The Lady seeing a handsome young Man, fresh come out of the Bath, ask'd him with a smiling Air, whither he was going? And ogled him all the while so amorously, that *Amgrad* could not resist her Charms. Madam, says he, I am going to my own House, or yours, as you please.

My Lord, reply'd the Lady, with an agreeable Smile, Ladies of my Quality never carry Men to their own Houses; they always go to the Mens.

Amgrad

Amgrad was very much confounded at this Answer, which he did not expect: He durst not venture to take her Home to his Landlord's, fearing the good Man would be scandaliz'd at it, and he should have lost his Protection, of which he stood in great Need, considering he was in a Place where he must always be upon his Guard: He knew so little of it, that he could not tell where to carry her, and he did not care to lose so happy a Minute. In this Uncertainty, he resolv'd to throw himself upon Chance; and without making any Answer, he march'd before, and the Lady follow'd him. *Amgrad* led her from Street to Street, through Lanes and Allies, so long, that they were both weary with walking: At last they came to a Street, at the End of which was a great Gate, shut up; and they could go no farther; that Gate open'd to a House which fronted the Street, and had a Seat on each Side of it. *Amgrad* sat down on one of them, to take Breath; and the Lady, more weary than he, seated herself down on the other.

When she had taken her Seat, she ask'd him, whether that was his House? Yes, Madam, says *Amgrad*; why don't you enter then? reply'd the Lady; what d'ye stay for? *Amgrad* answer'd, Fair Lady, I have not the Key of the Gate; I left it with my Slave, when I sent him on an Errand, and he can't be come back yet; besides, I order'd him to get something good for Dinner; so that I am afraid we shall wait a long Time for him.

The Prince met with so many Difficulties in satisfying her Passion, that he began to repent he had undertaken it. He therefore contriv'd this Answer, in hopes that the Lady would
out

out of Resentment leave him, and seek out for a Lover elsewhere; but he was mistaken.

This is a most impertinent Slave, says Madam, to make us stay so long. I'll chastize him myself as he deserves, if you don't, when he comes back: 'Tis not decent that I should sit here alone with a Man at a Gate. Saying this, she arose, and took up a Stone to break the Lock, which was only of Wood, and weak, according to the Country Fashion.

Amgrad did all he could to hinder her: What are you a-doing, Madam, quoth the Prince? For Heaven's sake stay a little! What are you afraid of, replies the Lady, is it not your House? 'Tis no great Matter to break a Lock; a new one won't cost much. The Lock she accordingly broke; and as soon as the Door was open, enter'd the House, and walked before him.

Amgrad gave himself over for a lost Man, when he saw the Door forc'd open; he paus'd upon it, whether he should go into the House or not, or make off as fast as he could, to avoid the Danger which he believ'd was meritable; and he was going to fly when the Lady returned.

Seeing he did not enter; Why don't you come into your House, says she? The Prince answer'd, I am looking to see if my Slave is coming, fearing we have nothing ready. Come in, come in, says Madam, we had better wait for him within Doors than without.

Amgrad much against his Will followed her into the House. Passing through a spacious Court, newly paved, they mounted by several Steps into Piazza's, which led to a large open Hall,

Hall, very well furnish'd, where he and the Lady saw a Table ready spread with all Sorts of delicate Dishes, a Side-board heap'd with Fruit, and a Cistern full of Bottles of Wine.

When *Amgrad* saw every thing in such Order, he doubted not but he was undone; the Quality of the Owner appearing by the Richness of the Feast. Poor *Amgrad*, said he to himself, thou wilt soon follow thy dear Brother *Affad*.

On the contrary, the Lady was transported at the Sight, crying out, How, my Lord, did you fear there was nothing ready? You see your Slaves had done more than you expected: But if I am not mistaken, these Preparations were made for some other Lady, and not for me: No matter, let her come, I'll promise you I won't be jealous, I only beg the Favour of you, that you'll permit me to wait on her and you.

Amgrad, as much as he was troubled at this Accident, could not help laughing at the Lady's Pleasantness; Madam, says he, thinking of something else besides what tormented him, there's nothing in what you fancy, this is my common Dinner, and no extraordinary Preparations I assure you. He could not bring himself to sit down at a Table which was not prepar'd for him, so he took his Seat on a Sofa*, but the Lady would not let him alone; Come, Sir, says she, you must be hungry after Bathing, let's eat and enjoy ourselves.

Amgrad

* A Turkish Bench, on which Mats and Cushions are put.

Amgrad was forc'd to do what the Lady would have him: They both sat down and fell to: The Lady having eat a Bit, took a Bottle and Glass, pour'd out some Wine, and drank to *Amgrad*; when she had drank herself, she fill'd another Glass, and gave it to *Amgrad*, who pledg'd her. The more the Prince thought of this Adventure, the more he was amaz'd that the Master of the House did not appear; and that so rich a House, and so well provided, should be left without a Servant: 'Twill be lucky, said he to himself, if the Man of the House don't come till I am got clear of this Intrigue: While he was thinking of this, and some other troublesome Thoughts, she eat and drank heartily, and oblig'd him to do the same. They were almost come to the last Course when the Master of the House arriv'd.

It happen'd to be *Bahader*, Master of the Horse to the King of the *Magicians*: This House belong'd to him, but he commonly dwelt in another; and he seldom came here unless 'twas to regale himself with two or three chosen Friends. He always sent Provisions from his other House on such Occasions, and had done so this Day by some of his Servants, who were just gone as the Lady and *Amgrad* enter'd it.

Bahader came, as he us'd to do, in Disguise, and without Attendants, and a little before the Time appointed for his Friends coming: He was not a little surpriz'd to see the Door of his House broke open; he enter'd, making no Noise, and hearing some Persons talking and making merry in the Hall, he stole along under the Wall, and put his Head half Way within the Door to see who they were.

Perceiving a young Gentleman and a young Lady eating at his Table, the Victuals that had been provided for his Friends and himself, and that there was no great Harm done, he resolv'd to make a Jest on't.

The Lady's Back was a little turn'd from him, and she did not see the Master of the Horse, but *Amgrad* saw him immediately; He had then the Glass in his Hand, and was going to drink it off; He chang'd Colour at the Sight of *Bahader*, who made a Sign to him not to say a Word: but to come and speak with him.

Amgrad drank and rose; Where are you going, says the Lady? The Prince answer'd, pray Madam stay here a little, I shall be back again in a Minute, a small Affair obliges me to go out at present. *Bahader* waited for him in the Piazza, and led him into the Court to talk to him without being heard by the Lady.

In saying these Words, *Scheherazade* perceiv'd the Sultan's Time of rising was come, so she gave over the Story till next Night, when she resum'd it, as follows.

CCXXXII Night.

SIR, When *Bahader* and Prince *Amgrad* were in the Court, *Bahader* demanded of the Prince, how the Lady came into his House? and why they broke open his Door? My Lord, reply'd *Amgrad*, you may very reasonably think me guilty of a very unwarrantable Action: But if you'll have Patience to hear me, I hope my Innocence will appear: He then told him in a few Words what had happen'd to him, without disguising any Part of the Truth; and

and to convince him that he was not capable of being so criminal as he might think him, he told him plainly he was a Prince, and what was the Reason of his coming to the City of the Magicians.

Bahader, who naturally loved Strangers, was transported with an Opportunity of obliging one of *Amgrad's* Rank and Quality: For by his Air, his Actions, his handsome Discourse, and his noble Looks, he did not in the least doubt of the Truth of what he said. Prince, said *Bahader*, I am very glad I can oblige you in so pleasant an Adventure as this; and shall be so far from disturbing the Feast, 'twill be a Pleasure to me to contribute to your Satisfaction in any thing. Before I say any thing more on this Subject, I am glad it may lie in my Power to serve you; my Name is *Bahader*, I am Master of the Horse to the King of the Magicians: I commonly dwell in another House, which I have in this City, and come here sometimes to have the more Liberty with my Friends, for I cannot be so free at Home among my Children and Domesticks. You have made this Lady believe you have a Slave, tho' you have none; I'll be your Slave, and to spare your Excuses repeat again, that it shall positively be so; you'll suddenly know my Reason for it. Go into your Place and continue to divert yourself; when I return again and come before you in a Slave's Habit, chide me for staying so long, don't be afraid even to strike me. I'll wait upon you all the while you are at Table till Night; you shall lie here, and so shall the Lady, and to Morrow Morning you may send her Home with Honour. I shall afterwards endeavour to do you more
im-

important Services: Go, and lose no Time; *Amgrad* would have made him an Answer, but the Master of the Horse would not let him, forcing him to go to the Lady. He had scarce got into the Hall before *Bahader's* Friends, whom he had invited, arriv'd; *Bahader* call'd them to him, and excus'd his not entertaining 'em that Day, telling 'em they wou'd approve of the Reason of it, when they knew it, which should be in due Time: When they were gone he also went forth and dress'd himself in a Slave's Habit.

Prince *Amgrad* came to the Lady in a much better Humour than when he left her; finding the House belong to a Man of so great Quality, who had receiv'd him so courteously. When he sat down to the Table again, he said, Madam, I beg a thousand Pardons for my Rudeness; I was vex'd that my Slave should tarry so long, the Rascal shall pay for it when he comes: I'll teach him to make me stay so for him another Time.

Let not that trouble you, says the Lady, if he is guilty of any Faults, let him pay for't; don't think of him, we'll enjoy ourselves without him, I'll warrant you so much.

They continu'd at the Table with the more Pleasure, by how much *Amgrad* was under no Apprehensions of the Consequence of the Lady's Indiscretion, who ought not to have broke open the Door, tho' it had been *Amgrad's* own House. The Prince was now as merry as the Lady: They drank and laugh'd, and drank again, till *Bahader* arriv'd disguis'd like a Slave.

Bahader

Babader enter'd like a Slave, who fear'd his Master's Displeasure for staying out when he had Company with him: He fell down at his Feet, and kiss'd the Ground to implore his Clemency; and when he had done, stood behind him with his Hands across in Expectation of his Commands.

Sirrah, says *Amgrad*, with a fierce Tone, and a fiery Look? Is there such a Slave as thou in all the World? Where have you been? What have you been doing that you came no sooner?

My Lord, reply'd *Babader*, I ask your Pardon, I was endeavouring to do as you order'd me, and could not dispatch it before: Besides I did not think you would come home so early.

You're a Rascal, says *Amgrad*, and I shall bang your Sides for you, to teach you to lye, and to fail me another Time: He then rose up, took a Stick and gave him two or three Blows with it, so lightly, that he hardly touch'd him; after which he sat down to Table again.

The Lady was not satisfy'd with the Chastisement he bestow'd on him; so she also rose, took the Stick, and fell upon *Babader* so unmercifully, that the Tears came into his Eyes. *Amgrad* offended at the Freedom she took, and that she should use one of the King's chief Officers so ill, cry'd out, 'tis enough; she struck on, and he call'd to her in vain; let me alone with him, said she, I'll give him enough, and teach him to be absent so long another Time; she continu'd beating him till *Amgrad* rose from the Table, and forc'd the Stick out of her Hand, which she did not part with without

out struggling. When she found she could beat *Babader* no longer, she sat down and rail'd at and curs'd him.

Babader wip'd his Eyes, and stood behind his pretended Master to fill out Wine. When he saw they had done eating and drinking, he took away the Cloth, put every thing in tis Place ; and Night coming on, lighted up the Lamps. As often as he came by her, the Lady mutter'd, and threaten'd him, and gave him abusive Language, to *Amgrad's* great Disliking, who would have hinder'd her, but he could not. When 'twas Time for 'em to go to Bed, *Babader* prepar'd one for them, and withdrew into a Chamber over-against that where they were to lie, where he laid himself down, and 'twas not long before he fell a-sleep, having been fatigu'd with his Beating. *Amgrad* and the Lady entertain'd one another a good half Hour afterwards, and the Lady wanted to go forth before she went to Bed ; passing thro' the Gallery that parted *Babader's* Chamber from theirs, she heard him snore, and seeing a Sabre hanging up by him, she turn'd back again, and said to Prince *Amgrad*, Pray, my Lord, as you love me, do me one Favour : In what can I serve you, reply'd the Prince ; the Lady answer'd, oblige me so far as to take down your Sabre and cut off your Slave's Head with it. *Amgrad* was astonish'd at such a Proposal from a Lady, not doubting but 'twas the Wine she had drank that mov'd it. Madam, says he, let my Slave alone, he is not worth your Notice, I have beat him, and you have beat him, 'tis sufficient ; I am very well satisfy'd with him, he don't use to be guilty of such Faults.

That

That shan't do, reply'd the Lady, in violent Fury, the Rogue shall die; if not by your Hands, by mine: Saying this, she ran and took down the Sabre from the Place where it hung, drew it out of the Scabbard, and was going to execute her wicked Design.

Amgrad, to prevent her, took the Sabre out of her Hand, saying, you shall be satisfy'd, Madam, the Slave shall die, since you will have it so; but I should be sorry that any one, besides myself, should kill him. When she had given him the Sabre, Come, follow me, says he, make no Noise, for Fear we should wake him: They went into *Bahader's* Chamber, where *Amgrad*, instead of striking him, struck at the Lady, and cut off her Head, which fell upon *Bahader*.

'Twas already Dawn of Day, and *Scheherazade* perceiving it, said no more at that Time. The next Night she resum'd the Discourse, and said to the Sultan *Schachbriar*,

CCXXXIII Night.

SIR, If the Noise of the Blow which *Amgrad* gave the Lady, in cutting off her Head, had not wak'd *Bahader*, her Head falling upon him would have done it: He was amaz'd to see *Amgrad* with a Sabre all bloody, and the Body of the Lady lying headless on the Ground. The Prince told him what had past, and ending his Discourse, said, I had no other Way to hinder her killing you, but to take away her Life; she was so transported with Fury against you. My Lord, reply'd *Bahader*, full of Gratitude, Persons of your Rank, and
so

so generous as you, are not capable of doing such a wicked Action as she desir'd of you. You are my Deliverer, and I cannot enough thank you. After having embrac'd him, to shew him what a Sense he had of his Obligations to him ; he said, we must carry this Corpse out before 'tis quite Day ; leave it to me, I'll do it. *Amgrad* would not agree to that, saying, he would carry it away himself. since he had struck the Blow ; *Babader* reply'd, you are a Stranger in this City, and will not come off so well as one who is acquainted here ; I must do it, if for no other Reason, yet for both our Safeties, to prevent our being question'd for her Death ; stay you here, and if I don't come back again before Day, you may be sure the Watch has taken me ; and for Fear of the worst, I will, by Writing, give this House and Furniture for your Habitation, while you stay in this City.

When he had written, sign'd and deliver'd the Paper to Prince *Amgrad*, he put the Lady's Body in a Bag, Head and all, heav'd it up on his Shoulders, and went out with it from one Street to another, taking the Way to the Seaside ; He had not gone far before he met with one of the Judges of the City, who was going the Rounds in Person, as was usual for the chief Magistrates to do there. *Babader* was stopp'd by the Judge's followers, who opening the Bag, found the Body of a murther'd Lady, bundled up with the Head. The Judge, who knew the Master of the Horse, notwithstanding his Disguise, had him home to his House, and not daring to put him to Death, without telling the King of it, because of his Quality, he carry'd it to Court as soon as 'twas Day. As

soon

soon as the King had heard from the Judge what a foul Action he had been guilty of, as appear'd by the Circumstances of the Matter, he fell upon the Master of the Horse in these Words: 'Tis thus then, that thou murderest my Subjects to rob them, and then would'st throw their dead Bodies into the Sea to hide thy Villainy: Let us rid the World of him, go hang him up immediately.

As innocent as *Bahader* was, he took this Sentence of Death with all imaginable Resignation, and said not a Word to justify himself. The Judge carry'd him to his House, and while the Gallows was preparing, he sent a Cryer to publish throughout the City, that at Noon the Master of the Horse was to be hanged for a Murder committed by him.

Prince *Amgrad*, who had in vain expected *Bahader's* Return, was struck into a terrible Consternation when he heard the Cryer publish the approaching Execution of the Master of the Horse. If, says he to himself, somebody must die for the Death of such a wicked Woman, 'tis I, and not *Bahader*, who should suffer; I will never suffer an innocent Man to be punish'd for the Guilty; and without deliberating any more about it, he hasten'd to the Place of Execution, whither the People were running from all Parts.

When *Amgrad* saw the Judge bringing *Bahader* to the Gibbet, he went up to him, and said, I am come to tell you, and to assure you, that the Master of the Horse, whom you are leading to Execution, is wholly innocent of the Lady's Death; I am guilty of the Crime, if 'tis one, to have kill'd the most detestable of Women, who would have murder'd *Bahader*: So he told him the Thing as it had happen'd.

The

The Prince having informed the Judge how he met her coming out of the Bath ; how she was the Cause of going into the Master of the Horse's House of Pleasure, and what had pass'd to the Moment in which he was forc'd to cut off her Head, to save *Babader's* Life: The Judge ordered Execution to be stopp'd, and conducted *Amgrad* to the King, taking the Master of the Horse with 'em.

The King had a Mind to hear the Story from *Amgrad* himself; and the Prince, the better to prove his own Innocence, and the Master of the Horse's, took hold of that Opportunity to discover who he was, and what had driven him and his Brother *Affad* to that City, with all the Accidents that had befall'n 'em from their Departure from the Capital of the Isle of *Ebene* to that Time, in which he talked to him.

The Prince having done speaking, the King said to him, I rejoice that I have by this Means come to the Knowledge of you; I not only give you your own, and my Master of the Horse's Life, whom I commend for his Civility to you; but I restore him to his Office; and as for you, Prince, I declare you my Grand-Vizier, to make amends for your Father's unjust Usage of you, tho' 'tis also excusable, and I permit you to employ all the Authority I now give you to find out Prince *Affad*.

Prince *Amgrad* having thanked the King of the City and Country of the Magicians, for the Honour he had done him; and taking Possession of his Office of Grand-Vizier, he order'd the Common Crier to promise a great Reward to any one who should bring forth Prince *Affad*, or tell any Tidings of him; he sent Men up and down the Country to the
same

same Purpose; but notwithstanding all his and their Diligence, they could hear no News of him.

The Sequel of the Story of Prince Assad.

ASSAD in the mean while continu'd in the Dungeon in Chains; *Bostama* and *Cavama*, the cunning old Conjuror's Daughters, treating him daily with the same Cruelty and Inhumanity as at first.

The Solemn Festival of the *Adorers of Fire* approach'd; and a Ship was fitted out for the Fiery Mountain as usual: The Captain's Name was *Behram*, a great Bigot to that Religion. He loaded it with proper Merchandise; and when 'twas ready to sail, he put *Assad* in a Chest, which was half full of Goods, a few Crevices being left for him to breathe, enough to keep Life in him. This Chest was stowed in the Bottom of the *Hold*, for the greater Security.

Before the Ship sail'd, the Grand Vizier *Amgrad*, *Assad's* Brother, who had been told that the *Adorers of Fire* us'd to sacrifice a Muselman every Year on the Fiery Mountain, suspected that *Assad* might have fallen into their Hands, and be design'd a Victim at that bloody Sacrifice; where he resolv'd to search the Ship in Person. He order'd all the Passengers and Seamen to be brought upon Deck, and commanded his Men to search all over the Ship; which they did: And yet *Assad* could not be found, he was so well conceal'd.

I

When

When the Grand Vizier had done searching the Vessel, she sail'd ; and as soon as *Behram* was got out to Sea, he order'd Prince *Affad* to be taken out of the Chest, and fetter'd, to secure him, fearing least he should fling himself into the Sea, since he knew he was going to be sacrificed.

The Wind was favourable two or three Days, and then it turn'd contrary ; after which there rose a furious Storm ; and the Vessel was not only driven out of her Course, but neither *Behram* nor his Pilot knew where they were. They were afraid of splitting against the Rocks ; for they discover'd Land, and a dreadful Shore before them. *Behram* saw he was driving into the Port and Capital of Queen *Margiana* ; which was a great Mortification to him.

For Queen *Margiana* was a devout Professor of the *Mahometan* Religion, and a mortal Enemy to the *Adorers of Fire*. She banished all of them out of her Dominions ; and would not let any of their Ships touch at her Ports.

Behram now could not help it ; the Tempest encreased, and he was forc'd to put into the Port of this Queen's capital City, or else he had been dash'd in Pieces against the Rocks that lay off the Shore. In this Extremity he held Council with his Pilot and Seamen. My Lads, says he, you see to what a necessity we are reduc'd ; we must choose one of these two Things, either resolve to be swallow'd up by the Waves, or put into Queen *Margiana's* Port, whose Hatred to all Persons of our Religion you very well know : She'll certainly seize our Vessel, and put us all to Death, without Mercy ; I see but one likely Way to escape her ; which is, to take off the Fetters from the Mussul-

Mussulman we have aboard, and dress him like a Slave; when Queen *Margiana* commands me to come before her, and asks what Trade I use, I'll tell her I deal in Slaves; that I have sold all I had, but one; whom I keep to be my Clerk, because he can read and write; she'll see him to be sure, and he being handsome, and of her own Religion, will have pity on him; no doubt, she'll then ask to buy him of me, and I refusing, will not let us stay in her Port till the Weather is fair: If I sell him to her, perhaps she'll give us leave to tarry, and let us be well us'd.

If any of you have any thing else to propose, that will be of more Advantage to us, I am ready to hearken to it. The Pilot and Seamen applauded his Judgment, and agreed to follow his Advice.

The Sultaneſs *Schehezarde* was oblig'd to stop here, because she saw the Day appear: She continu'd her Story the Night following, addressing herself thus to the Sultan of the *Indies*.

CCXXXIV Night.

SIR, *Behram* commanded Prince *Aſſad's* Chains to be taken off; and had him dress'd like a Slave very neatly, as became one who was to pass for his Clerk, before the Queen of the Country. They had scarce Time to fit every thing for their Purpose, before the Ship drove into the Port, and they then dropp'd Anchor.

Queen *Margiana's* Palace was so near the Sea-side, that her Garden extended down to

the Shore. She saw the Ship sail by, and sent to the Captain to come to her, as soon as he had moor'd his Vessel. She was walking in her Garden, and gave him to understand she stay'd there expecting him.

Behram, who knew he should be sent for, landed with Prince *Affad*; whom he requir'd to confirm what he had said of his being a Slave, and his Clerk. So he went to the Palace-Garden, and was introduc'd to the Queen. He threw himself at her Feet, and inform'd her of the Necessity he was in to put into her Port; that he dealt in Slaves, and had sold all he had but one, which was *Affad* there present, whom he kept for his Clerk.

The Queen was taken with *Affad* from the Minute she first saw him, and was extremely glad to hear he was a Slave; resolving to buy him, cost what it would. She ask'd *Affad* what was his Name.

Great Queen, reply'd *Affad*, with Tears in his Eyes, does your Majesty ask what my Name was formerly, or what it is now? The Queen answer'd, Have you two Names then? 'Tis but too true, says *Affad*: I was once call'd *Affad* [the most Happy]; and now my Name is *Motar* [devoted to be sacrific'd].

Margiana not being able to find out the Depth of his Meaning by his Thought, his Condition of a Slave putting him upon mysterious Answers, she perceiv'd he had a great deal of Wit. Since you are Clerk to the Captain, said she, no doubt you can write well; Let me see your Hand.

Behram had furnish'd *Affad* with Pen, Ink and Paper, as a Token of his Office, that the Queen might take him for what he design'd she should.

The

The Prince stepp'd a little aside, and wrote as follows, suitable to his miserable Circumstances.

The blind Man avoids the Ditch into which the clear-sighted falls. Fools advance themselves to Honours by Discourses, which signify nothing; while Men of Sense and Eloquence live in Poverty and Contempt. The Mussulman with all his Riches is miserable. The Infidel triumphs; and we cannot hope Things will be otherwise: The Almighty has decreed it should be so; and his Will is not to be alter'd.

Affad presented the Paper to Queen *Margiana*, who admir'd alike the Sententiousness of the Thoughts, and the Goodness of the Writing. She needed no more to have her Heart set on fire, and to feel a sincere Concern for his Misfortunes. She had no sooner read it, but she address'd herself to *Behram*, saying, Do which you will, either sell me this Slave, or make a Present of him to me: Perhaps 'twill turn most to your Account to do the latter.

Behram answer'd insolently, That he could neither give nor sell him; that he wanted his Slave, and would keep him.

Queen *Margiana* provoked at his Boldness, would not talk to him any more about it. She took the Prince by the Arm, and turn'd him before her to the Palace, sending *Behram* word, that if he stay'd a Night in her Port, she would confiscate his Goods, and burn his Ship. So he was forc'd to go back to his Vessel, and prepare her to put again to Sea, notwithstanding the Tempest was not yet laid.

Queen *Margiana* commanded Supper to be got ready ; and while 'twas providing, she order'd *Affad* to be brought into her Apartment, where she bad him sit down. *Affad* would have excused himself; It does not belong to a Slave, said he, to presume to this Honour.

To a Slave, reply'd the Queen! You shall not be so long: Henceforward you are no more a Slave. Sit down near me, and tell the Story of your Life: For by what you wrote, and the Insolence of that Slave-Merchant, I guess there is something extraordinary in it.

Prince *Affad* obey'd her ; and sitting down, began thus, Mighty Queen, Your Majesty is not mistaken, in thinking there is something extraordinary in the Story of my Life: 'Tis indeed more so than you can imagine. The Ills, the incredible Torments I have suffer'd, and the Death to which I was devoted, and from which I am deliver'd by your Generosity, will shew, when I have related them, that my Obligation to you is infinite. But before I enter into the Particulars of my Miseries, which will strike Horror into the Hearts of all that hear it ; to explain the Occasion of them, I must trace the Matter a little higher, and begin with the Source of my Misfortunes.

This *Preamble* encreas'd Queen *Margiana's* Curiosity. The Prince then told her of his Royal Birth ; of his Brother *Amgrad*, and their mutual Friendship ; of their Mothers Criminal Passion, which in a Night turn'd to inveterate Hatred, the Cause of all their Sufferings, of the King's Rage ; how miraculously they sav'd their Lives ; how he lost his Brother ; how, he had been imprison'd, tortur'd, and
was

was only sent then to be sacrificed on the Fiery Mountain.

When *Affad* had finished his Discourse, the Queen was more then ever enraged at the *Adorers of Fire*. Prince, said she, tho' I have always had an Aversion to *the Adorers of Fire*, yet I have had some Humanity for them till now: But after their barbarous Usage of you, and their execrable Design to sacrifice you: I will henceforward declare implacable War with them.

She would have said more, but Supper being serv'd in, hinder'd her. She made Prince *Affad* sit down at Table with her, being charm'd with his Beauty and Eloquence, and touched with a Passion which she hop'd suddenly to have an Opportunity of letting him to see. Prince, said she, we must make you amends for so many Fasts and wretched Meals, which the pitiless *Adorers of Fire* forc'd you to make; you will want to be nourish'd after such Sufferings. With these and such like Words she began Supper; and order'd the Prince to be ply'd with Wine, to recover his Spirits; by which Means he drank more than he could well carry.

The Cloth being taken away, *Affad* wanting to go out, watched his Time when the Queen did not see him. He descended into a Court, and seeing the Garden-Door open, went into it; being tempted by the Pleasantness of the Place, he walked there a while; at last he came to a Fountain, where he washed his Face and Hands to refresh himself, and lying down on some Grass-Plats around the Fountain, fell asleep.

'Twas almost Night, and *Behram* fearing the Queen would do as she threaten'd, had weigh'd Anchor, and was under Sail, mightily troubled at the Loss of *Affad*; by which he was disappointed of a most acceptable Sacrifice : He comforted himself as well as he could, with the Thoughts that the Storm was over, and that a Land-breeze favour'd his getting off from that Coast. He was towed out of the Port, and as he was hoisting up more Sail to hasten his Course, he remember'd he wanted some fresh Water ; my Lads, says he to the Seamen, we must put to Shore again, and fill our Water-Casks. The Sailors excus'd themselves, for that they did not know where to get Water. *Behram* had observ'd, while he was talking to the Queen in the Garden, that there was a Fountain at the End of it, near the Port: Go, says he, to such a Place of the Palace-Garden : the Wall is not above Breast-high ; you may easily get over ; there's a Fountain, where you may fill all your Barrels, and hand them aboard without Difficulty.

The Sailors accordingly went ashore at the Place he directed them to, leaped over the Wall, fill'd their Barrels, and easily enough heaved them over also, when they returned to their Boat.

As they were filling their Casks, they perceived a Man sleeping on the Grass ; knew him to be *Affad* : They immediately divided themselves ; and while some of their Crew filled their Barrels, others surrounded *Affad*, and observ'd him, lest he awak'd, and offer'd to run away.

He

He was fast, and slept on, giving them Time to fill all their Casks; which, as soon as they had fill'd, they handed over the Wall to others of their Crew, who waited there to carry them aboard.

They afterwards seiz'd *Affad*; and bore him away, asleep as he was. They got over the Wall into their Boat; and row'd to the Ship: When they came near her, they cry'd out, Captain, sound your Trumpets, beat your Drums; we have brought you your Slave again.

Behram, who could not imagine how the Seamen could find and take him again, and did not see *Affad* in the Boat, it being Night; waited their coming on Board with Impatience, to ask what they meant by their Shouts; but seeing 'twas true, and that they had really got him, he could not contain himself, so great was his Joy. He commanded him to be chain'd down again, not staying to enquire how they came at him; and having hall'd the Boat on Board, set sail for the fiery Mountain.

The Sultaneſs ended her Story here for that Night; and the next resum'd it as follows.

CCXXXV Night.

SIR, I left off Yesterday, where *Behram* had just retaken his Captive Prince *Affad*, and was making the best of his Way to the fiery Mountain, overjoy'd that he had his Victim again.

In the mean while Queen *Margiana* was in a dreadful Fright; she did not much concern herself at first, when she found Prince *Affad* was gone out, because she did not doubt but he would return in a little Time; when several Minutes, and then an Hour were past without hearing any thing of him, she began to be uneasy; she commanded her Women to look for him; they search'd all about without finding him; and Night coming, she order'd 'em to search again with Torches, which they did, and to as little Purpose.

Queen *Margiana* was so impatient and frighten'd, that she went with Lights all over the Garden to seek for him herself; and passing by the Fountain, she spy'd a Slipper, which she took up, and knew it to be Prince *Affad's*; her Women also said that 'twas his; and the Water being spilt about the Cistern in which the Fountain play'd, made her believe that *Behram* had carry'd him off again. She sent immediately to see if he was still in the Port; and hearing he had set sail a little before 'twas dark, that he stopp'd sometime off the Shore, while he sent his Boat for Water from the Fountain; she doubted no longer of the Prince's ill Fortune; so she commanded the Commadore of ten Men of War, who lay ready in the Port, to sail, as Occasion requir'd, and prepare to put to Sea; for she would embark herself next Morning as soon as 'twas Day. The Commadore order'd the Captains and Subalterns, Seamen and Soldiers aboard, and was ready to sail at the Time appointed; she embark'd as she said she would, and when the Squadron was at Sea, told the Commadore what was her Intention: Make all the sail
you

you can, said she, and give Chace to the Merchant-Man that sail'd yesterday out of this Port: I give it to you to be plunder'd, if you take it; if not, your Life shall answer it.

The ten Ships chased *Behram's* two Days entire, and could not come near her: The third Day they got up with her, and encompassed her so about, that she could not escape them.

As soon as cruel *Behram* spy'd the ten Men of War, he did not doubt but 'twas Queen *Margiana's* Squadron in pursuit of him; and upon that, he order'd *Affad* to be bastinado'd, which he did every Day, and had not miss'd once treating him so barbarously since he left the Port of the *City of the Magicians*. On sight of these Ships he us'd him more cruelly than before. He was very much puzzled what to do, when he found he was encompass'd about: To keep *Affad*, was to declare himself Guilty, to kill him was as dangerous, for he feared some Token or other of it might be seen; he therefore commanded him to be unfetter'd and brought up from the Bottom of the *Hold* where he lay. When he came before him, 'Tis thou, says he, that art the Cause of my being pursued, and upon that he flung him into the Sea.

Prince *Affad* knowing how to swim by the help of his Feet and Hands, got safe to Shore; the Waves assisting him by the Art he had in making use of 'em. The first Thing he did after he landed, was to thank Heaven, who had deliver'd him from so great Danger, and once more rescu'd him out of the Hands of the *Adorers of Fire*. He then stripp'd himself, and wringing the Water out of his Clothes, he spread them on a Rock, where, by the Heat of the Sun, and the Rock together, they soon dry'd.

dry'd. After which he lay down to rest himself, deploring his miserable Condition, not knowing in what Country he was, nor where to turn himself. He refresh'd himself as well as he could with wild Fruits, and fair Water, and then went on his Way, keeping as near the Sea-side as he could; at last he came to a sort of a Path, which he followed, and travelled ten Days thro' a Country which was not inhabited, living still on Herbs, Plants and Fruits. On the Eleventh Day he approached near a City, which he knew to be that of the *Magicians*, where he had been so ill us'd, and where his Brother *Amgrad* was Grand Vizier: He was very glad of it, resolving not to come near any one of the *Adorers of Fire*; but only to converse with Mussulmen, for he remember'd he had seen some the first Time he enter'd the Town. It being late, and he knowing the Shops were already shut, and few People in the Streets, he resolved to stay in a Church-yard near the City, where there were several Tombs built in the Form of Mausoleums: He found the Door of one of them open, he enter'd it, and design'd to pass the Night there.

We must now return to *Behram's* Ship, which was soon surrounded on all Sides by Queen *Margiana's* Squadron, after he had thrown Prince *Affad* over-board: Queen *Margiana's* Ship, in which she was in Person, first boarded him, and *Behram* being in no Condition of Defence against so many, lower'd his Sails as a Token of his yielding.

The Queen herself came aboard him, and demanded of him where the Clerk was, whom he had the Boldness to take away from her out of her very Palace. *Behram* reply'd, O! Queen,

Queen, I swear before your Majesty, he is not in my Ship; you will, by searching it, see my Innocence.

Margiana order'd the Ship to be search'd as narrowly as possible, but she cou'd not find the Man whom she so passionately long'd to recover, as well out of Love to him, as out of that Generosity which was her distinguishing Character. She was going to kill *Behram* with her own Hand, which she, however, did not, contenting herself with seizing his Ship and Cargo, and turning him and his Men on Shore.

Behram and his Seamen arriv'd at the City of the *Magicians* the same Night that *Affad* did, stopp'd at the same Church-yard, the City Gates being shut, intending to stay in some Tomb till the next Day, when they were open'd again.

As *Affad*'s ill Luck would have it, *Behram* light upon that in which the Prince was sleeping, with his Head wrapt up in his Coat: *Affad* awoke at the Noise he made, and ask'd who's there.

Behram knew him again presently, Hah, hah, says he, thou art the Man who hast been my Ruin for ever; thou hast escap'd being sacrific'd this Year, but depend on't, thou shalt not escape the next; saying this, he flew upon him, clapt his Handkerchief in his Mouth, to prevent his making a Noise, and by the Help of his Seamen bound him.

The next Morning, as soon as the City gates were open, *Behram* and his Men easily carry'd *Affad* to the old Man's House, where he had been so inhumanly treated. 'Twas so early that they met nobody in the Streets, and when

when they came to the old Man's House, he was again thrown into the Dungeon. *Behram* acquainted the Wizard with the sad Occasion of his Return, and the ill Success of his Voyage; the old Rascal, upon this, commanded his two Furies, *Bostama* and *Cavama*, to treat him more cruelly than before, if possible.

Affad was in a terrible Surprise to find himself in the Hands of his old Persecutors, from whom he had suffered so much, and hoped that he had been delivered: He bemoan'd the Rigour of his Destiny, and trembled when he saw *Bostama* enter with a Cudgel, a Loaf, and a Pitcher of Water: He was almost dead at the Sight of that unmerciful Wretch, and the Thoughts of the daily Sufferings he was to endure for another Year; after which he was to die the most horrible Death.

At these Words the Sultaneſs *Scheherazade* ſaw the Day begin to appear, which interrupted her Story for the preſent. The next Night ſhe continued it, addreſſing herſelf thus to the Sultan of the *Indies*.

CCXXXVI Night.

SIR, *Bostama* dealt not ſo inhumanly by Prince *Affad*, as ſhe had done on the firſt Day of his Confinement; his Cries, Complaints, and earneſt Prayers to her, to ſpare him, join'd with his Tears, were ſo moving, that *Bostama* could not help being melted by them, and to weep as bitterly as himſelf: My Lord, ſaid ſhe, covering his Shoulders, which were always bare while he was under the *Baſtinado*, I aſk a thouſand Pardons for my inhuman Treat-

Treatment of you formerly, and for what you felt at this Time ; Till now I was afraid of disobeying a Father, who is unjustly enrag'd against you, and resolv'd on your Destruction ; but at last I loath and abhor this Barbarity : Be comforted, your bad Days are over, I will endeavour to make Amends for all my Crimes, the Enormity of which be convinc'd of, by my future good Usage. You have hitherto look'd on me as an Infidel, you must henceforth believe me one of your own Religion, having been converted by a Slave, who is a Mussulman. I hope your Lessons will finish my conversion. To shew my good Intentions, I first beg Pardon of Heaven for my Sins, in dealing so cruelly by you, and I trust that it will be put in my Power to set you entirely at Liberty.

The Prince was transported to hear her talk at that Rate: He thank'd the Almighty for the Change work'd upon her, and for touching the Heart of so barbarous a Creature : He also thank'd her for her good Disposition towards him, and omitted no Arguments which he thought would have any Effect to confirm her in her new Religion. He told her, as a Sign of his Confidence in her, his whole Story, his high Birth and Adventures to that Time. When he began to believe she was in Earnest, he ask'd her how she could hinder her Sister *Cavama's* treating him as barbarously as she used to do. Let not that trouble you, reply'd *Bostama*, I know how to order Matters so as she shall never come near you.

And as she said, she every Day prevented her coming down into the Dungeon, where she often visited the Prince; and instead of carrying

ing him Bread and Water, she brought him the best Wine, and the choicest Victuals she could get, which was provided by her *Mahometan* Slaves. She eat with him herself from Time to Time, and did her utmost to make him bear his Confinement the more easily.

A few Days afterwards, *Bostama*, as she stood at her Father's Door, heard the common Cryer making Proclamation, but she could not hear what it was about, being too far off: He came up nearer her Father's House when he had done, upon which she withdrew into it, holding the Door half open, perceiving he marched before the Grand Vizier *Amgrad*, Brother to *Affad*; he was accompanied by several Officers, and several Attendants walking before and behind him.

The Cryer going a few Steps from the House, repeated the Proclamation with a loud Voice, as follows; The most excellent and illustrious Lord the Grand Vizier is come in Person to seek for his dear Brother, from whom he was separated about a Year ago; he is a young Man of such a Make, if any one has him in keeping, or knows where he is, his Excellency commands, that they bring him forth, or give him Notice where he shall find him, promising a great Reward to the Person that shall so do: If any one conceals him, and it be found out, his Excellency declares, he or they shall be punish'd with Death, together with his or their Children, and all that belong to him, and his or their House or Houses be raz'd to the Ground. *Bestama*, as soon as she heard this, shut the Door as fast as she could, and ran to *Affad* in the Dungeon; Prince, said she with Joy, your Troubles are at an End, follow me,
come

come immediately, and be free. She had taken off his Fetters several Days before : So the Prince follow'd her into the Street, where she cry'd, There, there ! and seem'd transported at what she had done.

The Grand Vizier, who was not far from the House, hearing her Clamours, return'd. *Affad* knew him to be his Brother, ran to him, and embrac'd him. *Amgrad*, who presently saw 'twas his Brother *Affad*, return'd his Embrace with all possible Tendernefs ; made him mount one of his Officer's Horses, who alighted for that purpose ; and conducted him to the Palace, where he presented him to the King, by whom he was advanc'd to the Post of a Vizier.

Bostama would not return to her Father's House, which was the next Day raz'd to the Ground, but kept Prince *Affad* in Sight ; and for the Service she had done him, was admitted into the Queen's Service.

The old Man her Father and *Behram* were brought before the King, who condemn'd them, and all their Families to be beheaded. They threw themselves at his Feet, and implor'd his Mercy. There's no Mercy for you to expect, says the King, unless you renounce your *adoring of Fire*, and profess the Mahometan Religion.

They accepted of the Conditions ; and were pardoned at the Intercession of *Affad*, in Consideration of *Bostama's* Friendship ; for whose Sake *Cavama's* Life, and the Lives of the rest of their Families were saved.

Amgrad, to reward *Behram* for turning Mussulman, and recompense him for his Losses, made him one of his Officers, and lodged him in his House. *Behram* being informed of
Amgrad

Amgrad, and his Brother *Affad*'s Story, proposed to his Benefactor, to fit him a Vessel to convey them to their Father King *Camaralzaman*'s Court: For, says he, the King must certainly have heard of your Innocence, and impatiently desire to see you e'er this: Otherwise we can easily inform ourselves of the Truth before we land; and if he is still in the same Mind, you can but return hither.

The two Brothers liking the Proposal, communicated it to the King of the City of the Magicians, who approved of it, and commanded a Ship to be equipped. *Behram* undertook the Employment chearfully; and being a Master of the Art of Navigation, and Maritime Affairs, he soon got in Readiness to sail. The two Princes, when they understood the Ship was ready, waited upon the King one Morning to take their Leave of him. While they were reciprocally passing their Compliments on that Occasion, they were interrupted by a great Noise and Tumult in the City: And presently an Officer came to give them Notice, that a numerous Army was advancing against the City; nobody knowing who they were, and whence they came.

The King being mightily alarm'd at the News, *Amgrad* address'd himself to him thus; Sir, tho' I am come to resign into your Majesty's Hands the Dignity of your first Minister, with which you were pleas'd to honour me; I am however ready to do you all the Service that lies in my Power: I desire therefore that you will be pleased to let me go and see who this Enemy is, that comes to attack you in your capital City, without having first declar'd War.

The

The King pray'd him to do so, and parted from him immediately, with a very small Retinue, to see what Enemy approach'd, and what was the Reason of their coming.

'Twas not long before Prince *Amgrad* descri'd the Army, which approach'd nearer and nearer: The Forlorn receiv'd him favourably, and conducted him to a Princess, who stopp'd herself, and commanded her Army to halt, while she discours'd with the Prince; who bowing profoundly to her, demanded if she came as a Friend or an Enemy: If as an Enemy, what Cause of Complaint she had against the King his Master.

I come as a Friend, reply'd the Princess, and have nothing to complain of against the King of the City of the Magicians: His Territories and mine are so situated, that 'tis almost impossible for our Subjects to quarrel with one another; or we ourselves to have any Disputes: I only come to require a Slave nam'd *Assad*, to be deliver'd up to me. He was carry'd away by one *Behram*, a Captain of a Ship, the most insolent Man in the World. I hope your King will do me Justice, especially when he knows I am *Margiana*.

The Prince answer'd, Mighty Queen, The Slave whom you take so much Pains to seek for is my Brother: I lost him, and have found him again. Come, Madam, I will deliver him up to you myself; and will do myself the Honour to tell you the rest of the Story, as we go to the King my Master's Palace, who will rejoice to see you.

The Queen ordered her Army to pitch their Tents, and encamp where they were; and accompany'd Prince *Amgrad* to the City and Palace.

Palace-Royal, where he presented her to the King; who receiv'd her as became his Dignity, and hers. *Affad* who was present, and knew her as soon as he saw her; also pay'd his Duty to her. She shew'd all the Marks of transporting Joy at the Sight of him: And while they were thus busied, News came, that an Army, more powerful than the former, approach'd on another Side of the City.

The King of the Magicians was more frighten'd than before, understanding the second Army was more numerous than the first, for the Dust they made rais'd Clouds in the Air, which hid the Face of the Heavens. *Amgrad*, cry'd he, what shall we do now? A new Army comes to destroy us.

Amgrad guess'd what the King would have of him; so he mounted on Horse-Back again, and gallop'd towards this second Army; He demanded of the advanc'd Guards to speak with their General: They conducted him to a King, for such he was, he saw by the Crown on his Head. When he drew near him, he threw himself to the Ground, and ask'd what he would have of the King his Master.

The Monarch reply'd, I am *Gaiour*, King of *China*, my Desire to learn some Tidings of a Daughter, whose Name is *Badoura*, whom I married to *Camaralzaman*, Son of *Schazaman*, King of the Isles of the Children of *Khaledan*, oblig'd me to leave my Dominions. I suffer'd that Prince to go see his Father King *Schazaman*, on Condition he came back in a Year with my Daughter; so long I have waited, and have heard nothing of them. Your King will lay an infinite Obligation on an afflicted Father, to tell him, if he knows what is become of them. Prince

Prince *Amgrad* perceiving by his Discourse that the King was his Grandfather, kiss'd his Hand with Tenderness, and answer'd him thus, Sir, I hope your Majesty will pardon my Freedom, when you know that I take it only to pay my Duty to my Grandfather; I am the Son of *Camaralzaman*, King of the Isle of *Ebene*, and of Queen *Badoura*, for whom you are thus troubled; and I doubt not but they are both in good Health in their Kingdom.

The King of *China*, overjoy'd to see his Grandson, embrac'd him with extraordinary Affection: Such a Meeting, so happy and unexpected, drew Tears from both of them. The King enquiring on what Occasion he came into a strange Country, the Prince told him all that had happen'd to him and his Brother *Affad*: When he had ended his Relation, My Son, reply'd the King of *China*, 'tis not just that such innocent Princes as you are, should be longer ill us'd: Comfort yourself, I'll carry you and your Brother Home, and make your Peace. Return, and acquaint your Brother with my Arrival.

While the King of *China* encamp'd in the same Place where Prince *Amgrad* met him, that Prince return'd to let the King of the *Magicians*, who waited for him impatiently, know how he had succeeded.

The King was amaz'd, that so mighty a King as he of *China*, should undertake such a long and troublesome Journey out of a Desire to see his Daughter; and seeing he was so near his Capitol, he gave Orders to make Things ready for his Reception, and went forth to meet him.

While these Things were transacting, a great Dust was seen from another Quarter of the Town:

Town : And suddenly News came of the Arrival of a third Army, which oblig'd the King to stop, and to desire Prince *Amgrad* once more to see who they were, and on what Account they came.

Amgrad went accordingly, and Prince *As-sad* accompany'd him. They found 'twas *Camaralzaman*, their Father's Army ; with whom he was coming to seek for them. He was so griev'd for the Loss of his Sons, that at last Emir *Giendar* declar'd how he had sav'd their Lives, and towards what Country they travelled.

This sad Father embrac'd the two Princes with Floods of joyous Tears, which put an End to those he had a long Time shed for Grief. The Princes had no sooner told him the King of *China*, his Father-in-Law was arriv'd, but he detach'd himself from the Grand Army, and with a small Party, among whom were his two Sons, rode to wait upon him in his Camp. They had not gone far, before they saw a fourth Army, advancing in fair Array ; which seemed to come from *Persia* Side.

Camaralzaman bad the two Princes go and see what Army it was, and he would in the mean while stay for them. They departed immediately, and coming up to it, was presented to the King ; of whom they demanded, having saluted him with due Reverence, on what Design he approach'd so near the King of the Magicians Capital. The Grand Visier who was present, answer'd in the Name of the King his Master, The Monarch to whom you speak is *Schabzaman*, King of the Isles of the Children of *Khaledan* ; who has a long Time travell'd
thus

thus attended, to seek his Son Prince *Camaralzaman* ; who left his Dominions many Years ago ; If you know any thing of him, you can't oblige him more than to acquaint him with it,

The Princes only reply'd, that they would bring him an Answer in a little time ; and galloping back as fast as they could, told *Camaralzaman*, 'twas King *Schahzaman*'s Army, and that his Father was with it in Person.

Wonder, Surprise, Joy and Grief, to have left the King his Father without taking Leave of him, had such an Effect on King *Camaralzaman*, that he fell into a Swoon, as soon as he heard he was so near. Prince *Amgrad* and Prince *Affad* so labour'd to recover him, that at last he came to himself ; and when he was in a Condition to ride to his Father's Tent, threw himself at his Feet.

Never was there a more moving Interview : *Schahzaman* kindly complain'd of *Camaralzaman*'s Unkindness in so cruelly leaving him ; and *Camaralzaman* discover'd a hearty Sorrow for the Fault he had committed.

The three Kings and Queen *Margiana* stay'd three Days at the Court of the King of the Magicians, who treated them magnificently. Those three Days were render'd the more remarkable by Prince *Affad*'s Marriage with Queen *Margiana*, and Prince *Amgrad* with *Bostama*, for the Service she had done his Brother *Affad*.

At last the the-three Kings, and Queen *Margiana*, with her Husband Prince *Affad*, went to their several Kingdoms. As for *Amgrad*, the King of the Magicians had such a Love for him, he would not part with him ; and being very old, he resign'd his Crown to him. King *Amgrad*, when he had the Supream Authority, did his utmost to exterminate the Worship of Fire, and establish the Mahometan Religion throughout all his Territories.

The End of the Sixth Volume.

